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SPOONS OF SILVER
AND SPOONS OF TIN
AND OTHER POEMS



BEN KEITH

Spoons of Silver and Spoons of Tin and Other Poems

By
BEN P. KEITH

I know I am no poet born,
But just a rhymer in a way,
A child delighted with a horn,
Although it knows no tune to play;
Still finds a sweetness in each note,
And loves to hear their voices float.



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I DEDICATE THIS LITTLE BOOK TO
JAMES WOODS,
A FRIEND, WHO, MORE THAN ALL OTHERS,
HAS ENCOURAGED AND SHOWN FORBEARANCE.

APOLOGY

In launching this little book, I have an instinctive feeling of incompetence, I know that its shortcomings are legion: and lacking a knowledge of English Composition to improve them, I have only tried to keep the sun and moon in their correct geographical places, and the shadows of birds and other objects on the right side of the picture. Should my handiwork only serve as a cadaver for those more advanced, I shall not consider my time altogether wasted.

BEN. P. KEITH,
New York City,
October 29th, 1920.

PROEM

I've sorted out what follows here,
A vagrant bunch of verse and rhyme,
Some penned for friends I once held dear,
And others hated at the time.

Years have increased the love for some,
But hate has ceased, for everyone.
Still! I would not revoke one word,
That love, or anger, ever stirred.

Though time has changed some points of view,
Both good and bad, the words were true,
And so to all herein inscribed,
Without one care, I shall abide.

A BOYHOOD YEAR

How sweet the dreams of boyhood days,
When Indian Summer's mystic haze:
O'er stream and field and forest spread,
A romance 'round the tales we read,
Of pirates and their hidden store,
In sand dunes near our very door.
For only half a mile away,
Tradition said—in early day,
That world-wide, famous Captain Kidd,
His hoard of gold had somewhere hid.

On Saturdays when school let out,
We sought the place by shortest route,
With hoe or shovel, pick or spade,
And many prospect holes were made,
To find the money that was hid,
In pot or chest, by Captain Kidd.
That was our treasure island then:
And through long years has ever been,
A place of wild, untrammelled joy,
To every treasure seeking boy.

And when the leaves were off the trees,
How welcome seemed the frosty breeze,
That heralded the coming snow:
And how we wished the time would go,
That marked the drear November days,
Before December's snow and sleighs.
Then followed close the New Year's time,
That to our lives was all sublime,
For nothing in our country ways,
Held pleasure like those holidays.

Then came long weeks of frost and snow,
When rabbit hunting we would go,
And starlit nights on frozen lake,
The boys and girls would go and skate,

Or fish for pickerel through the ice,
Each line rigged with a small device,
That raised a piece of wood to show,
A fish was caught on hook below.
No sport was ever such delight,
As fishing through the ice at night.

At last came April with its rain,
In pattering showers a sweet refrain,
All nature seemed to rouse from sleep;
The Indian pinks were first to peep,
And wintergreen, with berries red,
Ofttimes through snow would poke its head.
Next—violets of lovely blue,
And cowslips in the meadows grew,
Then May's first north-bound birds appeared,
With songs of love our hearts they cheered.

Then weather warm for three months more,
The summer days that all adore,
Filled with sweet fruits and flowers all gay,
And perfumed breath of new-mown hay.
The apples, and the cider time—
And here at last I end this rhyme,
For when the crops were stored away,
Next came the Indian summer sway,
That little spell of charming weather,
That welds the circling year together.

“SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY IS THE EVIL
THEREOF”

The people who reap of this life its full joy
Are those who reside in their aircastles high,
So it's better by far every means to employ,
And view the whole world with an optimist eye.

Don't sacrifice comfort to steal your own rent,
 Nor lose any sleep about things of to-morrow,
 To fool yourself into a happy content,
 Is better indeed, than to steal or to borrow.

The people who fret about troubles ahead,
 Are putting their hearts and their souls into pawn,
 They often fear things will be worse when they're dead,
 And calamity borrow for judgment day's dawn.

A MEMORY OF THE OLD ATTIC

I remember back in old York State
 In boyhood's early day,
 How we rummaged in the attic,
 Where things were stored away,
 And among the curious articles,
 Thick coated o'er with dust,
 Was a sword and Enfield musket,
 All red with years of rust,
 The gun was one, my mother said,
 That her eldest brother Bill
 Had carried in the Civil War,
 And used at Malvern Hill.
 The sword was brought from Mexico
 In eighteen forty-nine,
 And presented to her father,
 By a soldier, at the time.
 And there were some queer bottles,
 Of yellow glass, and blue;
 One labeled Godfrey's Cordial,
 And the other Spalding's Glue:
 And an old-time round tin lantern,
 With holes instead of glass,
 With a socket for a candle,
 To the bottom soldered fast:
 And warming-pans and quilting-frames,
 And musty books a score,

With accounts that had been settled,
 Half a hundred years before.
 There were spinning wheels and jennies,
 For making home-spun thread,
 That seemed awaiting fingers,
 Of the long forgotten dead.
 And in the darkest corner stood,
 An old rag-carpet loom,
 That always seemed to watch us,
 With an eye of doubt and gloom.
 There was an air of quiet there,
 That filled our hearts with awe:
 Still there was a fascination
 In all the things we saw,
 And there always was an odor
 From the dry herbs overhead,
 Hung in bundles from the rafters,
 That peculiar fragrance shed.
 And I ofttimes live in fancy
 Those vanished hours again,
 In that attic back in old York State,
 Where we played, on days of rain.
 And I seem to sense the odor
 That filled the place of old,
 From catnip, boneset, pennyroyal,
 That were used to cure a cold.
 And these lines awaken other scenes,
 Of home life manifold;
 And I hope may lead each reader
 Through some cherished path of old.

THE PRINCESS HOPATCONG

Once there lived an Indian Sachem,
 Handsome, valiant, just and strong,
 Father of a lovely maiden,
 Whom his tribe named: Hopatcong.

All were loyal to their Chieftain,
 And the Princess Hopatcong,
 Much beloved by all her people,
 Was the theme of many a song.

But like all things treasured dearest,
 Soonest faded, she their queen,
 And a flowery grave they made her,
 'Mid the forest's deepest green.

Where a crystal stream of water
 Spread its bosom miles away,
 Bathed in tears the rocky headland,
 Where the sleeping maiden lay.

And a white canoe came nightly
 From the distant rocky shores,
 And no hand was seen to guide it,
 Nor to ply the phantom oars.

And the summer evening zephyrs
 'Oft times bore a dirge along,
 O'er the calm and placid waters,
 From the grave of Hopatcong.

All her mighty race have vanished,
 As the years have passed away,
 Naught remains, but their traditions,
 Where the Red-men once held sway.

But the story of the maiden,
 And her spirit boat and song,
 Lives today, shall live forever,
 In the name of Hopatcong.

NOTE.—The above little poem was written at Lake Hopatcong, N. J., during the summer of 1892. Hopatcong, pronounced—Ho-pat-cong, in the Indian language, means stepping stones.—BEN KEITH.

A VISIT TO MY BOYHOOD HOME

Across the meadow's green expanse,
Among those hills that rise beyond,
Where fancy walked with sweet romance,
E'er life in earnest had begun.

I view again those scenes to-day,
And beauty fain would court a dream,
But time has torn the mask away,
And care and sorrow stand between.

My boyhood home—the house still stands:
Transfigured in the evening light,
Ah! waiting smiles, Ah! welcoming hands,
Ah! sad, sad thought, not there to-night.

As one who looks upon his dead,
One last and lingering farewell view,
My dear old home where love has fled,
With sorrowing heart I turn from you.

TO A CANARY BIRD

You do not seem unhappy, little bird:
There is no tone of sadness in your voice,
But still my heart with pity 'Oft is stirred,
For you, A life long Captive, without choice.

And then I ponder, If your little cage;
Is not to you, A World as large as mine.
And if contentment be the proper gage,
Whether most joy of living, is not thine.

THE SONG OF THE PINE

What sweet song is it I hear to-night,
High up in the limbs of the mountain pine,
Through which I see the stars so bright,
Twinkle, and twinkle, in mystic rhyme.

Far, far away, in a soothing tone,
 Like the muffled roll of a distant sea,
 Far, far away, and alone, alone,
 Is the song that the pine tree sings to me.

Far, far away from all care and toil,
 Alone to share all Nature free,
 Far, far from the City's wild turmoil,
 Is the song that the pine tree sings to me.

There is no refrain to the simple song,
 That the pine tree sings on the mountain crest,
 But as it is borne by the zephyrs along,
 It fills my soul, with a sense of rest.

THE OLD BULLFROG

Down in the swamp all covered with fog,
 I hear the cry of the old bullfrog,
 His voice like a trombone hoarse and low,
 Seems to tell a story of cherished woe.

It seems to say I am growing old,
 It seems to say that the World is cold,
 The school is closed—the master is dead,
 And the scholars, all but one: have fled.

It seems to say that in all this change,
 There is nothing new, or old, or strange,
 That life goes on in the self-same way,
 That it did a hundred years to-day.

And as long as the Ocean's ebb and flow,
 New men will come—old men will go,
 And the frogs will croak in the self-same way,
 In the old swamp hole, As they do to-day.

THE THREE MOURNERS

They stood by the lifeless form of a maid,
With an angel face in calm sweet rest,
And the first said, "I never knew 'Till now,
That of all on earth, I loved her best."

And the second said, "Could she only return,
And smile again with those beautiful eyes,
My heart and soul, with love would turn,
From here to the gates of paradise."

And checking his tears, the third one said,
As he stooped and gently kissed her brow,
"I shall love you darling—living or dead,
In the great beyond, as now.

THE PATIENT FISHERMAN

The Coast Guard's Story

On a point of rocks near the Land's End light,
A man sat fishing one moonlight night,
I had seen him there at early dawn,
And at noon again: as I passed along.

This was Tuesday—and Wednesday all day,
The man fished on in the self-same way.
And for two days more—as I came and went,
He sat there and fished with serene content.

It was Saturday afternoon at last,
And the man still there, as though glued fast.
I asked him, "Have you caught anything yet?"
And he seemed to get in a terrible pet:
As he yelled, "What in H—l do you expect—so soon,
Why! I've only been here since Monday noon.

ODE TO THE OLD MANHATTAN BEACH HOTEL

A cold damp mist from the ocean,
Is drifting across the lawn,
And the place seems sad and deserted,
For the summer days have gone.

And the old house, now so silent,
Where mirth lately reigned galore,
Is suggestive of forms and of faces,
Of friends I shall meet nevermore.

Still, I love to enter its portals
And stroll through the echoing halls,
For many a scene of by-gone years,
The place to-day recalls.

It awakens a medley of feelings,
Sadly sweet, and regretfully dear,
As my mind reverts to those old, old days,
That were passed so pleasantly here.

And I dream, as I gaze at the stairway,
Of the many whose feet have trod,
Those steps, in the old and palmy days,
Now resting beneath the sod.

And I fancy I see the old faces,
And forms of some whom I knew,
P. S. Gilmore, James Breslin, Capt. McKinnie,
King, Hasbrouck, O'Connor, La Rue.

I had met them all here in the old place,
That shall never know them again,
For their life work is done, and, one by one,
Their pictures fade from my brain.

And the dear old Manhattan, to-morrow:
May pass into stranger hands,
With the many associations:
That are woven with golden strands.

So I leave the old house, as the shadows:
Of evening thicken and pall,
And a cold damp mist from the ocean,
Like a shroud, seems to cover all.

And I hear a dirge from the ocean,
As the waves surge against the bulkhead,
And it fills my soul with emotibn,
Like a requiem mass for the dead.

NOTE.—Written the day before the foreclosure sale, Dec. 23d, 1906.
Sent to James Woods, St. Francis Hotel, and published in the Western
Hotel Reporter, San Francisco, Cal., June 8th, 1907.—BEN. KEITH.

THE COURSE OF POVERTY

Silver spoons and spoons of tin,
Some people finish where others begin.
Some are nurtured in luxury's lap,
While others are raised on charity pap.

But life is an incident after all,
Just like some dinner or masquerade ball,
It arrives, it is over: and gone in a trice,
With all of its joys, or madness or strife.

For all things end in the self-same way,
And soon are but things of a yesterday,
It is just to rise each morn from slumber,
And change for the day, the calender number.

Then meet the clock-like duties that come,
And retire at last, when the day is done.
And each new day, is just like the other,
With little hope a change to discover.

As the months drag wearily on and on,
 With no seeming haven of rest to be won.
 It is just one struggle to make ends meet,
 And the last end is age with trembling feet.

Then the word comes, There's no more use for you
 So the monthly pittance: no longer is due.
 Next, over the hill to a Poorhouse home,
 Where there's little left of life, to atone.

But only to patiently wait God's call,
 When men shall be equal—one and all,
 And spoons of silver or spoons of tin,
 Are left behind in a World of sin.

POLAND

To Ignace Jan Paderewski—Most Loyal Son of Poland

Oh! Poland—proud old Poland,
 For you the day has come,
 The time of retribution,
 For the savage treacherous Hun.

And the dawn for you is breaking,
 As an answer to your prayer,
 For in the new world—soon to be,
 It's liberty you'll share.

Oh! Poland, dear old Poland,
 You have suffered over long,
 For the mill of God grinds slowly,
 But it crushes every wrong.

'Twas you who saved all Europe,
 From Mahomet's murderous sway,
 And at last you find just recompense,
 Through this World-war of to-day.

For Uncle Sam will not forget,
The claim he owes to you,
Through your gallant Kosciusko,
A debt that's long o'er due.

Could Kosciusko—in his grave,
And Count Pulaski see:
The dearest dream of all come true,
Their Country—once more free.

And could they know the sympathy,
Of you—Her noblest son,
And how your heart has followed:
In the cause they left un-won.

They would bless you—Paderewski,
Artist King, of world-wide fame,
Who has worked for suffering Poland,
With heart, and soul, and brain.

You have moved the hearts of millions,
With the magic of your art,
And sounded strains of sorrow,
Through every listening heart.

Until the wrongs to Poland done,
Through long and hopeless years,
Finds retribution just, at last,
For all her bitter tears.

THE HOMELESS COLLIE DOG

Bill—well, Bill is my partner,
And we came together to stay,
For Bill dropped into my life and heart,
In a most peculiar way.

It was years ago in Frisco,
 At the close of that terrible day,
 When the city was laid in ashes,
 From her beautiful hills to the bay.

I had no roof above my head,
 And was sick at heart that day,
 Till Bill came along—he was in the same fix,
 And I couldn't turn him away.

So he followed me through the ruined streets,
 In a sad and dejected way,
 And I did not quite understand him then,
 For not one word could he say.

But I think I know him better now,
 For he dwells in my heart to-day,
 Yes, Bill is a silent partner of mine,
 In his mute and loving way.

And I know if the time ever comes again,
 That I have no place to abide,
 Bill will follow and share my fate,
 And will ever be at my side.

He would starve, he would freeze, I am sure, for me,
 E'en though I had nothing to share,
 And if all other friends should leave my side,
 I know that my Bill would stay there.

NOTE.—Bill was picked up by Mr. James Woods, at the time of the great fire and earthquake at San Francisco, Cal. With no pedigree, this dog has won many ribbons and trophies.

WHEN THE SEA GIVES UP ITS DEAD

She stood at a window watching,
 Weary of long delay;
 Once her hair was thick and fair,
 But now it is thin and gray.

Thirty long years she has waited,
Ah! years of terrible dread,
Waiting for one who can never come,
Till the sea gives up its dead.

But hope ever lives in a bosom,
Where the fire of love burns bright,
And oft she would say at the close of day,
I shall see my Willie to-night.

By the window they found her one morning,
When she died, she was kneeling, they said,
Praying for one who can never come,
Till the sea gives up its dead.

When the sea gives up its dead,
She is waiting on the shore,
For they made her grave where the ocean wave,
Breaks with incessant roar.

And the prayers that were said o'er that grave,
Were prayers for the ocean's dead,
And spoke of the meeting, that happy greeting,
When the sea shall give up its dead.

JOHN BARLEYCORN, FAREWELL

John Barleycorn! Your day is done,
Old friends have left you one by one;
Until to-day, But few remain:
Who care to see your face again.

In prison—or in bug-house cell,
The last of your old lovers dwell,
When death removes this damaged lot,
By all mankind You'll be forgot.

Except the ones who sold your bane,
Whose only thought is sordid gain,
The widow's tears, and orphan's cries,
To them no argument supplies.

You snatch the laborer's weekly pay,
 And take home comforts all away,
 His children starve and dress in rags
 Because their father buys your jags.

At last the women of this land,
 Have laid on you a heavy hand,
 And you have gone—and gone to stay,
 Until the finale judgment day.

TRUTH, STRANGE TRUTH

There is a time-worn saying,
 That this story does imply,
 That a truth is often stranger,
 Than the strangest sort of lie.

And what I'm going to tell you,
 Is of something that occurred,
 Right here in San Francisco,
 As strange as E'er was heard.

I had a friend who lived here,
 When there was a big earthquake,
 And this account he gave me,
 Was of money he did make.

Through what brought dire destruction,
 To his neighbours all about,
 But shoved him in position,
 That made him rich no doubt.

He owned two city building lots,
 With a little house on one;
 And next door, was the laundry,
 Of a Chineese-man named Lung.

If his lots had been together,
 Their worth would have been double,
 But that laundry was between them,
 So to sell them was the trouble.

Well! the morning of the earthquake,
 All things were shook up so,
 That the four points of the compass,
 Nobody seemed to know.

And that Chinese laundry shifted,
 Then took a twist: and slide,
 And when the shake was over,
 Those lots were side by side.

And instead of two small city lots,
 He'd owned the day before,
 He now had one to offer,
 For a large department store.

And anyone may see it,
 For the store stands there to-day,
 And it proves—sometimes disaster,
 To success may pave the way.

And it shows beyond all question,
 Though large a lie may seem,
 That truth is oft'times stranger,
 Than anything we dream.

TO SHAKESPEARE

Oh! poverty of human speech,
 How much there is beyond the reach:
 Beyond the mortal mind to define,
 The vastness of thy muse divine,
 That seems to reach the farthest star,
 In depths where naught but angels are.

Beyond the highest sun's last ray,
 That twinkles in the milkyway,
 Beyond even power of thought to rise,
 As limitless as are God's skies.

CUSTER'S LAST FIGHT

Six thousand war-whoops rent the air,
Six thousand painted Sioux were there,
That lovely Sunday morning.
Brave Custer knew there was no chance,
For like a living avalanche,
They came without a warning.

There was but little time to spare,
To form his men in hollow square,
That fateful Sunday morning.
Surrounded by a savage horde,
They listened to their leader's word,
That awful Sunday morning.

He stood six feet—his head was bare,
His blond curls waving in the air,
A Titan—death seemed scorning.
Said he—"For only one thing strive,
Don't let them take one man alive,"
This lovely Sabbath morning.

Not one survived that rain of hell,
Brave Custer with his soldiers fell,
Their names to-day adorning,
A tomb where rests their mingled dust,
Surmounted by their leader's bust,
Awaiting judgment morning.

NOTE.—Custer's men were buried in one grave, on the field where they fell. Congress has erected a fitting monument over them, surmounted by a bronze bust of their leader, General George Custer.

ON READING

President Wilson's Declaration of War—1917

It 'Oft falls late—the hand of fate,
The mill of God grinds passing slow,
But powers divine—grind very fine
And yield a grist as white as snow.

The die is cast—and we at last:
Are in this awful world-wide war,
Unwelcome task—but duty vast,
To show the World what law is for.

The die is cast—the time has pass'd,
For idle words and royal sneers,
The Kaiser Hun—must be undone,
Forever, through all coming years.

The die is cast—our troops are massed,
And naught is left but sword and gun,
Our cause is right—we strike with might,
To punish ruthless murder done.

Then let us pray—a better day,
For all the world is soon to come,
In which our foe—will come to know,
'Twas best for them our cause was won.

A PROCLAMATION

Hear ye, all men, I'm Kaiser Bill,
And am ordained by Got to kill
In every way.
I have a devilish well-laid plan,
To murder woman, child, or man
By night or day.

I've commandeered the seven seas,
 And I shall drown just who I please,
 For "Kultur, Me and Got!"
 I've got the Germans all Hog-tied,
 With what I do: they must abide,
 Or I will have them shot.

Now Got mine silent partner is,
 Und what is Mine: of course is His,
 But here's Von quiet liddle tip,
 When we get hold of every Nation,
 And Germanize the whole creation,
 I'll gif mine pard der slip.

Ya! ven I vinks der udder eye,
 Und bids mine partner Got good-bye,
 Ach vat a merry bluff,
 Like old Prince Bismark he vill go,
 For I myself would be der show,
 For two der's not enough.

A GOOD SAMARITAN

A man was staggering on the street,
 With an awful tangle in his feet,
 My wife, with heart most sympathetic,
 Urged me to help this paralytic.

"Go take that poor man home," she said,
 "He soon will fall and break his head,
 He may have wife and children dear;
 Go help him home, while I wait here."

So to the man in haste I went,
 And told him of my good intent.
 He seemed quite pleased: and thankful too,
 And said, "Friend: I will go with you."

I grasped his arm, and helped him walk,
He was too drunk, to plainly talk.
Still, he did show me to a door,
And held up grimy fingers: four.

I struggled up a narrow flight,
And tugged and pushed: with all my might.
Then to the fourth hall's further end,
The footsteps of my guide did wend.

A door swung open to my knock,
And then there came a sudden shock,
As here my charge: with hiccough said,
"My friend has brought me home to bed."

May God forgive these words I say,
If they should tend in any way,
Discouragement to doing well,
In those who read this tale I tell.

A strapping Celtic woman came,
Who seemed to put on me some blame,
She turned about, and like a flash,
I heard and felt an awful crash.

A pan of dishes—soapsuds too,
Completely soaked me, through and through,
Her language too, would surely fail,
To pass the censor of the mail.

But to tell this, I must forbear,
Because I do not like to swear.
I rushed down stairs, a damaged lot,
All grease and smells, from what I'd got.

My Wife still waited down the street,
Her good Samaritan to meet,
And unto her I did exclaim,
Gee Godfrey—Never more again.

TO AN OWL

Sir oricle! with wild and staring eyes,
 That hidest from the noisy world by day,
 And fills the silent night with solemn cries,
 What portent have the uncanny words you say.

As perched upon some gnarled and lifeless branch,
 Your questioning monologue comes echoing clear,
 And in the lonely cabin on the ranch,
 It casts O'er all a spell That's sad and drear.

In weird and guttural solemn accents—you,
 Breathe only thoughts of deepest darkest doubt,
 As in insistent voice you cry—Who—who,
 And leave the mind to fill an answer out.

Who will be first to feel the hand of death?
 Who will be left to sadly mourn alone?
 Your who—who, Who who, seems to check the breath,
 And press upon the heart: with weight of stone.

What is it that torments you, Mr. Owl,
 Are you the spokes-man of some soul's despair,
 Or are you just a poor half witted fowl,
 Whose ominous words are empty as the air.

Some think that you are very, very wise,
 And liken you to prophet old: with cowl,
 While others see within your blinking eyes,
 The wicked sly designing; of a ghoul.

I cannot think your words have aught to do,
 With anything connected with my life,
 But still! unpleasant thoughts they 'Oft imbue,
 That fill the soul with superstitions rife.

THE WRECK OF THE TITANIC

Out of Southampton she swung with the stream,
A poem of iron and steel, A sea dream.
And thousands on shore, watched her steaming away:
The largest, and grandest of all ships that day.

And the thousand on board, did security feel,
For no eye saw death, as he stood at the wheel;
Directing her course to the echoless shore,
Her first and last haven, of nevermore.

She was the last, best work of men,
And on her first voyage was speeding—when:
Out of the darkness, Out of the night,
Loomed an ominous form, of ghostly white.

'Twas a towering mountain of ice-gigantic,
As ever was seen on the North Atlantic.
She struck, with a shiver from stem to stern:
And was rapidly sinking—All soon did learn.

Then Captain Smith, her commander brave,
Thought not one moment, his own life to save,
But stood on the bridge, calling out to the crew:
"Remember your country, Be British, be true.

And England, and Ireland, and Scotland, and Wales,
Proved there, to the World: Their valor Ne'er fails,
"The women and children first," Was their cry,
And every one of the Crew, stood by.

And the boats were lowered and sent away,
That cut off all hope, save eternity,
And, The Titanic sank from sight, 'neath the Sea
While her band played, Nearer My God To Thee.

Was There ever a scene so awfully grand?
 As that sinking ship, with her playing band.
 All glory to Smith, and the Titanic's men,
 They bring Trafalgar's heroes to memory again.

And that heart thrilling tale of the Alamo,
 And the last grand charge at Waterloo.
 And that charge of "The Light Brigade" as well,
 And Jim Bludso's act on "The Prairie Belle."

And with these, down the corridors of all time,
 The Titanic's story shall sound sublime,
 For never was courage more noble and true,
 Than was shown on that night, by The Titanic's Crew.

NOTE.—Captain Smith, the commander of the ill-fated Titanic, was censured by an investigating board, appointed by Congress. He was last seen on the bridge of the Titanic, where he gave up his life. It seems to me that his heroic conduct, was worthy of some mention, and should have gone far in palliation, of any other former mistakes.—
 BEN. KEITH.

AN INFATUATION

ZILLA

A graceful form in a steamer chair,
 An upturned face such as seraph's wear,
 Eyes that all power of art must daunt,
 Lips that my dreams shall forever haunt,
 Lighting my soul through time and space,
 Like the hallow surrounding an angel's face,
 Higher than hope: are dreams of Thee,
 For Thou art to me infinity.

FORTUNE—FRIENDS—ACCIDENTS

Sometimes when thoughts are slow to come,
Or 'Oft again at random run,
Seeming to serve no place or time:
Other than senseless empty rhyme,
A man will careless write them down,
Until some idea comes to crown:
The pile of foolish stuff He's writ,
Then people say: What wondrous wit.

Sometimes a man will run amuck,
While all the World: smiles at his play,
And monied friends keep far away,
And then comes what is known as luck,
And after all he reaps great gains,
And when his friends see what he's struck,
They say, We knew you had the brains.

A VISIT TO THE HEIGHTS

Home of Joaquin Miller

This is one place beneath the sky,
On which my wandering feet have trod,
Where everything that greets the eye,
'Rouse thoughts profound—of God.

Long years I've waited for this day,
As journey to some sacred shrine,
Where Pilgrims linger long to pray,
And breathe the atmosphere divine.

Here vanished faces smile again,
And silent voices echoing call,
And spirits come in endless train,
And hold the soul in thrall.

A halo seems to bathe the scene,
In beauties of a higher sphere,
A vision that is not a dream,
I meet—the Master Poet here.

He speaks not—Still I understand,
 Intangible—but still I feel,
 And see the power on every hand,
 That caused his great heart to congeal.

He lives in all these things of love,
 The flowers, the birds, the rocks, the trees,
 The soft low cooing of the dove,
 The gentle whispering of the breeze.

And here dwell, those he held most dear,
 Their greetings I shall Ne'er forget,
 So warm and heartfelt—so sincere,
 I feel them an eternal debt.

And now I sadly say farewell,
 While tear-drops damp this sacred sod,
 Where I have felt the Muse's spell,
 And been so near the face of God.

THE FALLING OF THE BASTILE

Lines Addressed to My Friend Victor Hirtzler,
 July 14th, 1914

Hail bonnie France you roused the world,
 For all mankind you set the pace,
 The flag of freedom you unfurled,
 For France—and for the human race.
 And on this day we don't forget:
 You gave to us our Lafayette.

Hail bonnie France—the grand the gay,
 First of all lands in highest art,
 In progress you have led the way,
 That stirs to-day the whole world's heart.
 Your Natal day, our bosom's swell:
 For Liberty—The Bastile fell.

IN THE OLD CHURCH

Dolores Mission—San Francisco

The atmosphere seems laden with an odor of the past,
In fancy, half clad dusky forms, are passing to and fro,
No footfall breaks the silence, that is echoless and vast,
No shadows in the sunlight are by the vision cast,
Of those vanished Indian converts of a hundred years ago.

There is something awe inspiring in this stillness so profound,
And in all the quaint old relics displayed on every hand,
And a plaintive page of history must forever here abound,
—Of a heathen race that vanished when salvation they had found
And kindly left their saviors every blessed inch of land.

LONE MOUNTAIN

San Francisco, California

Oh sentinel with visage grim,
In vanished years of long ago,
You saw the white men first begin
The seeds of Christian faith to sow.

For on your barren crest they set,
A hundred years ago and more,
The Cross of Christ—that's standing yet:
Where all who see it must adore.

Those holy fathers, they who came,
To spread God's light and blaze the way,
With lives so pure and free from blame,
That their example shines to-day.

Lone Mountain, you unchanged have stood,
 A landmark since an early day,
 Through changes that were bad or good,
 Your cross still pointing Heaven's way.

You've seen a mission-farm transformed,
 To village, then to frontier town,
 Until at length a city swarmed,
 Far up the hillsides all around.

And then there came an awful day,
 When earthquake shock and fire combined,
 Had swept all vestages away,
 Save one—a picture of the mind.

But almost in a day again,
 As if by magic there returned,
 Grand triumph of the human brain,
 A greater city than was burned.

Long years you've watched the ebb and flow,
 Of men from every land and clime,
 And twice have seen a city grow:
 To-day a city, grand, sublime.

Oh sentinel with visage grim,
 From vanished years of long ago,
 I seem to hear a funeral hymn,
 In cadence soft though weird and slow.

While the tall cross upon thy crest,
 Guards graves on every side around,
 Of the old Argonauts, who rest,
 Forever in this hallowed ground.

And as I stand beside that cross,
 And view the ocean far away,
 In meditation deep I'm lost,
 Oh what a place to dream or pray.

SONG

MY OLD HOME ON THE HILL

Across the foot-worn threshold,
Where dearest memories cling,
And spirits ever hover,
On light and noiseless wing.
My heart is ever turning back,
With mingled joy and pain,
To those walls that echoed voices,
I shall never hear again.

Ah! those footsteps so familiar,
How they linger on my ear,
Though silent 'neath the daisies,
They have rested many a year.
And those faces unforgotten,
In the pictured halls of thought,
Seem to smile and breathe a blessing,
On a life with trouble fraught.

So across the foot-worn threshold,
As long as life shall last,
My heart will feel the warmth of home,
Reflected from the past.
And when at last I wearied lay,
Life's burthens down, and rest,
May dreams of thee, My dear old home,
Bring peace unto my breast.

CHORUS

My old home on the hill: where first I saw the light,
My old home on the hillside far away,
Though ocean's intervene, still I see thy valleys green,
And I'll love thee where on earth my feet may stray.

Written at New Orleans, 1891.

CONTENT VERSUS WEALTH

Some people are crying both early and late,
 About their bad luck, and the hard ways of fate,
 While at the same time, they have plenty to eat,
 And clothing that looks quite becoming and neat.

Their condition, with others they never compare,
 But are constantly fretting about their small share.
 When, if they would only cast glances around,
 They would see many others are far lower down.

And instead of their hard luck, and sad fate, bewailing,
 They would thank a kind heaven, for what is prevailing,
 And would get all the joy out of life, there is in it,
 For worry don't trouble, until we begin it.

When you have sufficient, to eat, and to wear,
 Don't gaze at the few, who have more than their share,
 But look with content and thanks, on the many,
 Who are hungry and ragged, and haven't a penny.

A man who can keep himself free from all debts,
 And live without envy, and have no regrets,
 Gets more out of life—I care not his station,
 Than the wealthiest magnate that lives in the Nation.

THE HONK OF THE AUTOMOBILE

There are sounds that arouse a mortal fear,
 When surroundings are lone and dark;
 There's a sense of impending danger near,
 In the growl of a dog or his bark.
 There are uncanny visions, and odors as well;
 That savor of devils and torments in hell,
 There are quakes of the earth, and storms of the air,
 That are fearsome enough to raise any man's hair,
 But there's naught in this world brings so creepy a feel,
 As the "honk—honk—honk—honk" of an automobile.

There's ambition that spurs to a giant endeavor,
 When the oil burns low in the student's lamp:
 There are motives that sometimes drive fools to be clever,
 And rumors of war that stampede a whole camp.
 There's a wild greed for money that causes a rush,
 There's the fire alarm breeding a dangerous crush,
 And the fleet-footed deer—and the scampering rabbit,
 And the carrier pigeon—whose speed is a habit.
 But the move I get on, beats them all a good deal,
 When I hear the "honk—honk" of an automobile.

A REMINDER OF CHRISTMAS

When I sense the balsam fragrance:
 Of the hemlock and the pine,
 I seem to hear the carols,
 Of a bygone Christmas time.
 And the thunder of the organ,
 And the soft and mellow chime,
 Of those bells I heard in childhood,
 Waken memories sublime.

When I sense the balsam fragrance:
 Of the hemlock and the pine,
 I seem to see the World all clothed:
 In robes of winter time,
 And the tinkle—tinkle—tinkle,
 Of the sleigh-bells' joyful rhyme,
 Comes drifting to the present,
 With the fragrance of the pine.

And I'm sure, in the great hereafter,
 When all things are divine,
 And arms of Angel loved ones,
 Our own once more entwined,
 There in heaven, as an incense,
 The fragrance will combine,
 Those best loved, Christmas odors,
 Of the hemlock and the pine.

TO LORD BYRON

I love the music of that master soul,
 Who sang in lofty measures so sublime,
 Those wondrous strains that fill all after-time.
 For as their chords soar far to heaven above,
 They seem to leave a benison of love.
 I list the diapason thunder roll,
 And like an infant vainly seek to grasp,
 The infinite—intangible—and vast.

LOVE MAY CHANGE—BUT NOT FORGET

When the Whip-poor-will is calling,
 Sadly calling—Whip-poor-will,
 Where the moonlit stream is falling,
 Past the old deserted mill;
 How the thoughts of other years,
 Fills my heart with vain regret,
 And my eyes grow dim with tears,
 Love may change, but not forget.

In the City's noisy clamor,
 Oft my mind is far away,
 From the wild and dazzling glamor,
 For memory loves to stray,
 Back to that summer evening,
 When love and I first met,
 And fancy still is weaving;
 Love may change, but not forget.

TO AN OLD LOTTERY TICKET

Although you're a blank: and I have not won,
 Still! You are not all the loss that you seem,
 For you were to me: a new hope begun,
 And the sponsor of pleasure: I lived in a dream.

You are just like a dinner I paid for, that's eaten,
 You are just like an opera, I paid for and heard,
 Because you're no winner, I'm surely not beaten,
 There was joy in the anticipation you stirred.

And what is existence at best: but sweet hopes,
 Then why should we bid them: depart from our lives,
 Without them our ends would be suicide ropes,
 So it's worth while to play, tho' we don't win the prize.

LIFE

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,
 Far out on the edge: of the cycle time,
 Only a little handful of dust,
 Awaiting return of a breath—that must;
 Awaken all atoms left in trust.

All things move in an orbit round,
 Changing each instant form or place,
 While the mortal mind a realm without bound,
 The only fixed purpose creation has found,
 The intangible hand of God has crowned.

Invisible weightless, no substance we find,
 In the soul, or spirit, or life of man,
 They are simply names for the human mind,
 Whose ways and limits are undefined,
 And shrouded in mysteries, deep sublime.

A thread in some intricate tangled skein,
 Existence shows not beginning or end,
 But continues on, again and again,
 In a different form, or a higher plane,
 To be born, or to die, are one and the same.

TO MY BIRTHPLACE IN THE CATSKILLS

Oh, my old home on the hill,
 How thoughts of thee O'ft thrill,
 And voices echo I shall hear no more;
 While on the shadowy walls,
 Of memory's silent halls,
 Are pictures of the happy days of yore.

O'ft in the twilight's gray,
 Though many miles away
 My heart is turning back to boyhood's day,
 Though ocean's intervene,
 Still I see thy valleys green,
 And I love thee: where on earth my feet may stray.

Those towering peaks: blue-gray,
 In the background far away,
 Where childhood fancy climbed among the stars;
 To my heart have dearer grown,
 For they, of all, alone,
 Have stood unchanging with their hoary scars.

ODE TO THE POTATO

Of all the blessings God has sent
 For mankind to supply a need,
 Of all that heaven has kindly lent,
 You! Of all others, take the lead.

On every farm in this broad land,
 In every country of the Earth,
 Your large domain on every hand,
 Gives tokens of your matchless worth.

Of all the plants we have to-day,
 That grow: and thrive beneath the sun,
 You would: indeed, if taken away,
 Be missed the most by everyone.

No honored place on coin or flag,
 You're surely treated with disdain,
 The humble tenant of a bag,
 No bard has ever sung your name.

Oh! World-wide unassuming friend,
 Fit emblem for a Nation's crest,
 Your name in praises should extend,
 From North to South from East to West.

A RETROSPECTION; or, THROUGH MY WHISKERS

How often when a little boy,
 I watched some man with bearded chin,
 His flowing whiskers fondly toy,
 And wondered when I'd be like him.

Then I would stroke my girl-like face,
 And try to calculate the time:
 When I should first begin to trace,
 That fuzz—the whiskers' first sure sign.

I asked a man—in confidence:
 To tell me if there was some way,
 In which I might at once commence,
 To grow a beard that very day.

He told me of a sure receipt,
 To raise a beard on any face:
 "Daub on"—said he, "cream thick and sweet,
 Then get a cat to lick the place."

That night, before I went to bed,
 You bet, I had the cat and cream,
 Then O'er my face the stuff I spread,
 While pussy roughly licked it clean.

And many weary anxious weeks,
 This operation I repeated,
 Still not one hair upon my cheeks,
 My expectations ever greeted.

Long years have passed, and whiskers gray:
 Those aspirations of my youth,
 Have come at last—and come to stay,
 And through this poem sound a truth.

I pull and fondle them, and dream:
 And smile about that cream and cat,
 And realize that many a scheme,
 In after years, proved worse than that.

TO A SPARROW

“And the poor Beetle that we tread upon, in corporael
 sufferance feels a pang as great, as when a Giant dies.”
Shakespeare.

Poor little Chap, your life is hard,
 You breast the winter's stinging cold,
 Existing too: just like a Bard
 On such as Nature's hand may hold.

O'ft to your life come tragic days,
 As awful in their dire sequence,
 As those which desolation lays,
 Upon the heads of eminence.

Some cat may kill your loving mate,
 And leave a brood of starving young,
 Or wanton man may seal your fate,
 In quest of pleasure with a gun.

Could he but feel the deep import,
Of life that he so thoughtless takes,
He would not deem a murder sport,
That causes little hearts to break.

To him a sparrow seems but naught,
Still! God notes every sparrow's fall,
This is a truth the Savior taught,
With love and kindness, unto all.

TO ANNIE COOK

Hero of the Yellow Fever Epidemic

She was a woman of tarnished name,
Annie Cook; of Mansion House shame,
And one day the angel of death swooped down,
Thru Memphis streets, and the harvest was brown.

And many a saintly pharasee fled,
In awful fear from the dying and dead.
But Annie Cook threw wide her doors,
And nursed the sick and dying in scores.

She spent her money in every way,
The hand of the terrible plague to stay,
Until she fell in the deadly fray.
And what are the words the World should say?

All honor to her! and a tear and a prayer,
And a wreath of flowers, for the sleeper there.
She paid to her Maker the highest price,
That a mortal may—self sacrifice.

NOTE.—During the terrible epidemic which nearly depopulated the City of Memphis, Tenn., Annie Cook (a prostitute), the keeper of a notorious resort—known as the Mansion House, threw open her doors: turned her place into a hospital, and spent all she had to comfort the suffering. While many ministers of the gospel fled to the mountains in abject fear, Annie Cook stayed, and at last fell a victim of the dread disease.

TWO OF A KIND; or, MAINE VS. CALIFORNIA

He drifted down from Humboldt way,
And read the signs on Market street,
He seemed to be a country Jay,
Looking for some new friend to greet.

Tom Jiggs—a clever bunco-man,
Approached him with a friendly smile,
And grasped him gladly by the hand,
And then addressed him in this style.

"I take it you're a stranger here;
My name is Jiggs—and I would say,
With me: you never need have fear,
That you can ever lose your way.

"I'll show you all the sights in town,
Just tell me where you'd like to go,
I make no charge to show folks 'round,
It's just good fellowship you know."

"Stranger—yer duced kind to me!"
The country Jay from Humboldt said,
"Naou take me hum an let me see,
Yer stock of gold-bricks made o' lead.

"Soon ez I seen yer noble form,
I knowed at onct: yer little game:
My name is Silas Barleycorn,
Frum Kittery—in the State of Maine."

ALONE

All—all are gone—the lights are out,
Where lately sounded laugh and shout,
Ah! foolishness of human rout.

How strange the stillness greets my ear,
How lone the darkness seems and drear,
The clock's dull tick is all I hear.

And now my thoughts like questions come,
How much of good is left undone?
How much is finished as begun?

And conscience seeks with vain excuses,
To answer for a life's abuses,
But all in vain—the heart refuses.

For bravery gives place to fear,
And laughter to the scalding tear,
When all are gone and God is near.

A DAY DREAM

At Mill Valley, California

I heard the trade-winds breathing,
Through the lofty redwood trees,
While a gauzy mist was weaving:
Round their branches, snowy wreathes.

Oh, what a place for dreaming,
Beneath those redwoods vast,
Where the very air seemed teeming,
With reminders of the past.

Where every moving shadow gives,
Such impulse to the brain,
That old-time romance breathes and lives,
In the present hour again.

The place seemed filled with bearded men,
I heard their axes ring,
I saw the ox-teams pass again,
The giant logs to bring.

While the ruin of the old saw-mill,
 Sprang into use anew,
 And men were piling lumber still,
 As they did in fifty-two.

And the dry bed of the vanished stream,
 Again with water ran,
 With flashes of the nugget's gleam,
 From sluice-box and from pan.

As those hardy men of forty-nine,
 Resumed their search for gold,
 The romance of that early time,
 My vision did behold.

Just then an awful Indian yell,
 Filled earth, and air, and sky,
 Disturbed my dream, and broke the spell;
 An Auto, speeded by.

THE TWIN PEAKS

San Francisco, California

Towering far up above the sordid din,
 Pointing toward Heaven as tho rebuking sin:
 I watch your silent form—anon:
 And as the prototype of some fair maiden's hand,
 You gather close some fleecy flock of cloud,
 To hide from mortal eye, your virgin nakedness.

And you shall be the city's shrine forever,
 A monument, by God erected,
 To last through all the coming years of time,
 And claim deep homage from all eyes that view,
 The mists of heaven spreading soft draperies:
 With gentle hand upon thy lofty crests,
 Fashioned as fair as were the lovely breasts,
 Of earth's first perfect woman, Mother Eve.

UNREST

There is a desire that reaches so far,
That yon faintly visible, glimmering star:
Seems near: As we vainly strive to express,
Our soul's deepest thought with mortal breath.

Man, half human—half divine,
God's breath in his nostrils of earthly clay,
Can only hope with prayer combine,
While waiting and watching day by day.

Waiting the hour of his soul's release,
From its cumbersome burthen of mortal dust,
When doubts and fears will find surcease,
For the powers that rule are divinely just.

FRIENDSHIPS

Of the many who gathered around me,
In the morning when prospects were bright,
How few there were left at noontime,
When the clouds had drifted in sight.

And as adverse fate's dark shadows,
Over life's afternoon seem to fall;
I sadly ponder and anxiously wonder,
Are there any true friendships at all.

TO MY DEAR WIFE

My darling little Mary,
From the land of Tipperary,
She is all the world to me.
Friend—Companion—Wife and Lover,
May good angels watch above her,
And keep her life care-free.

More to me than any other,
 For she fills the place of mother,
 And all my heart held dear.
 Yes! My little Irish Mary,
 From far off Tipperary,
 Every day you seem more near.

When at last life's tide runs slow,
 And the setting sun sinks low,
 And I in Evergreens am laid to rest,
 Let my Mary sleep the nearest,
 For she of all was dearest,
 Her last love—of all past love—was the best.

THE GENIUS OF SAN FRANCISCO

I am the spirit of forty-nine,
 That raised from ruins and ashes again,
 A city that ever shall stand as a sign,
 Of undaunted courage and will and brain.
 For the whole world watched with wonder great,
 My city rise by my Golden Gate.

And whatever the call of the future may be,
 I shall dwell with love in my people's hearts,
 And set an example the world may see,
 Of first, in war, or peace, or the arts.
 I shall guard with love my city great,
 As I welcome all at the Golden Gate.

THE LAST RIDE

Leaving home forevermore,
 While the bell is tolling, tolling,
 Slowly the carriages leave the door,
 And one there is who rides before
 While the bell is tolling, tolling.

Oh, so silent and cold and stilled,
 While the bell is tolling, tolling,
 Numbering years that a lifetime filled,
 E'er a loving one by death was chilled,
 For whom the bell is tolling, tolling.

Up the hill to the graveyard gate,
 While the bell is tolling, tolling,
 Deep and sad like a voice of fate,
 One by one, all—soon or late,
 While the years are rolling, rolling.

One by one they are gathered in,
 While the years are rolling, rolling,
 Some where life's first joys begin,
 Others O'erpowered by age or sin,
 While the years are rolling, rolling.

And the sexton stands at the graveyard gate
 While the bell is tolling, tolling,
 In sunshine and rain, early and late,
 Receiving alike the humble and great,
 While the years are rolling, rolling.

All at last are equal, he says,
 While the bell is tolling, tolling,
 The bankrupt here with the millionaire lays,
 Deaf to all words of censure or praise,
 While the years are rolling, rolling.

At last a mound with grass O'ergrown,
 While the years are rolling, rolling,
 Simply tells a tale of one unknown,
 Unwept, unthought of—sleeping alone.
 While the years are rolling, rolling.

SOME OLD CHESTNUTS IN NEW SHELLS
A PLAY OF WORDS

A charming Girl, Miss Mary Week,
Married a man named Day.
A paper of the match did speak,
In the following, unique way:

"A week is lost, a day is gained.
But why should time complain?
There'll soon be little Day's enough,
To make a week again."

THE SMALL STEAK

This steak is very small—he said,
As it was placed upon the board,
The waiter coughed; and turning red,
Exclaimed: It surely is, My Lord!
But I am sure before you leave,
You'll say, No steak can ever beat it,
For you would never quite believe,
The length of time 'Twill take to eat it.

GUILELESS CHILDHOOD

A lady sent some milk one day,
To a neighbour who lived across the way,
Her little girl on the errand sent,
Was as honest as she was innocent,
And said, as she left the milk at the house:
"In this pail of milk: Dot drowned a mouse,
And Ma said, it was too bad to lose it,
So she sent it over so you could use it."

THE CHILD ARTIST

Her father's picture: a little girl drew,
Then she said, I des it don't look like 'oo,
I des I can change it into a frog,
Or put a tail on it, and call it a dog.

RURAL MODESTY

John Smith escorted Salley Brown,
Home from a party at the town.
There was a foot-path: with a stile,
That would cut off a half a mile.
The clouds hung heavy, dark and low,
And threatened soon to rain or snow,
So John to Sally Brown did say,
It's best to take the shortest way.
But Sally said: this would not do,
For in those fields potatoes grew.
And then John did insist to know,
The reason why she would not go,
Her answer gave him great surprise,
"Why John, potatoes all have eyes."

A MINSTREL JOKE OF CHARLEY BACKUS

Here waiter! he said: as a chunk of brass,
Fell from the sausage on his plate,
Here waiter! a question I'd like to ask,
How did that get in the sausage you make?

And the waiter replied in a musing way,
As though he was trying his memory to jog,
It's a very bad case of neglect, I should say,
To not take the collar off of the dog.

THE CLERK'S REPLY

A hotel guest of the clerk did inquire,
 What protection have you: in case of fire?
 And the clerk replied, "The best on Earth,
 The house is insured for twice what It's worth."

THE MUSIC OF THE PAST

Then sing again the old-time song,
 Round which bright memories cluster,
 For joy is short and sorrow long,
 So sing again the old-time song,
 And let the cold winds bluster.

And bid all thoughts of care begone,
 And live but for the present,
 For joy is weak and sorrow strong,
 So sing once more the old-time song,
 To memory's ear so pleasant.

No matter what the day may be,
 It should not cloud the morrow,
 So sing the old-time song with glee,
 And bid all present trouble flee,
 And leave behind all sorrow.

And hope shall in the future dwell,
 With memory of the past,
 While loud the old-time song shall swell,
 And every care of life dispel,
 With music of the past.

MY QUEEN

Queen of my home: my heart's delight,
 I live for thee both day and night,
 My waking hours by love are blest,
 My hours of sleep: by heavenly rest.

Queen of my life, my constant prayer:
Is—every blessing you may share,
That all your loved ones, God endow:
With joys supernal, here and now.

Queen of my world by angels sent,
To fill this life with sweet content,
Such blessings to but few are given,
To share on Earth the joys of Heaven.

TO JOAQUIN MILLER, POET OF THE SIERRAS

Poet of Nature—minstrel divine,
Thy earthly mission forever is done,
What are the joys that now are thine?
For thy path of glory leads on and on.

What of thy dwelling place most sublime?
What of thy crown so justly won?
Fitting for thee is the highest shrine:
In the depth of space, on a central sun.

TOLL, TOLL THE BELL

Love and friendship both are dead,
Toll the bell,
Let the funeral rites be said,
Toll the bell,
Toll the bell for murdered faith,
And for charity as well,
And for confidence misplaced,
Toll, toll the bell.

Shattered hope—pull the rope,
Toll the bell,
Sound the deep and solemn note,
Toll the bell,

Toll the rusty-throated bell,
 Toll until the echoes swell,
 Through the hearts deserted cell,
 Toll, toll the bell.

Toll for friendship's poor disguise,
 Toll the bell,
 But true friendship never dies,
 All is well,
 Toll for base deception's art,
 Broken spell,
 But love—the true love of the heart,
 Knows no funeral knell.

THE LURE OF THE PRESS

How often has my fancy been misled:
 To dizzy heights,
 By stories in the daily press,
 Like those of "The Arabian Nights."

Of men who fell in chasms deep,
 And suffering: lay long days,
 Until by some miraculous chance,
 Assistance comes and saves.

Or some on dreary winter nights,
 Who swam from sinking ships,
 While icy waves ran mountains high,
 And bore them on like chips.

Ah! how imagination watched:
 Their progress to the shores,
 While tears of joy would dim my eye,
 At last as Heaven restores.

While sons to anxious mothers came,
 As answers to a prayer,
 And fear gave place to happiness,
 And life knew naught of care.

But sad indeed is blighted faith,
 Where anecdotes allure,
 And in the end no moral show,
 But Warner's Liver Cure.

EASY STREET

I think the nicest figure of speech,
 When all necessities are in reach:
 And luxuries not far away,
 Is just to hear some fellow say,
 I live on Easy street to-day.

I love to hear him laugh and say,
 I ain't got much to throw away,
 Still! I've enough to eat and drink,
 For clothes and rent I've got the chink,
 So I'm on Easy street, I think.

Now, I don't covet house or land,
 And care not for surroundings grand,
 But God knows how I long to say,
 I've got enough to pay my way,
 And I'm on Easy street to-day.

THE DOGS

If men in this world were as honest and true:
 As the dogs—That they claim have no souls to save,
 There would be little use for a church, or a pew,
 There would be little talk of the Christian or Jew,
 And all would be saved, instead of a few;
 If men, like the dogs, were as honest and true,
 If men, like the dogs, were as noble and brave.

When a dog wags his tail, it is only one way,
 But men wag their tongues to lie and to pray,
 And work both these schemes on the very same day:
 And then have the wonderful face to say,
 That Heaven is only for such as they.

NOVEMBER RAIN

Rain, rain, November rain,
When the day is dismal and bleak,
And you dash against my window pane,
What are the words you speak?

Sorrow and death, November rain,
Your voice seems to breathe in my ears,
And your patter is like a sad refrain,
As you blur the glass with your tears.

Rain, sad November rain,
You cause my heart to beat slow,
For I think of a love that could not remain,
And of joys that have left only woe.

THE SUICIDE

Out of the hurry and worry and din,
Of a World too full of trouble and sin,
Out on the sea of the great Unknown,
Glides the soul, of a mortal flown.

Was it right when hope had fled,
To launch a boat, or throw the lead?
To leave the wreck and strike for shore,
Or cling to a derelict evermore?

God alone knows or can understand,
What impels the act of a suicide's hand.
And with God alone, should the judgment rest,
Who directs all ways and ends for the best.

TO OUR CAT PANSY

Oh! Pansy you're a lazy cat,
What do you do to earn your keep?
You never catch a mouse or rat,
And all you do, is eat and sleep.

And then you prow! around and snoop,
And help yourself to what you will.
Whether of chicken, game or soup,
Of what suits best, you find a fill.

You seem to think it is your right,
To help yourself to what you find,
And your one thought by day or night,
Is gluttony with theft combined.

And often too you sit and pose,
As though importance great you felt,
And quite ignore with upturned nose,
The talk of awful things we smell't.

Yes! Pansy very much that's bad,
Can be directly traced to you,
Your gaze is so profoundly sad.
I quite forgive the things you do.

THE RESTLESS SEA

Roll on, roll on forever,
Thou wild and restless sea,
And waken thoughts in other men,
That you arouse in me.

Of the millions who have listened:
To your voice since time began,
And have vanished like the wave crests,
That O'er your bosom ran.

Roll on, roll on forever,
 Your waters seem to say,
 We shall roll on forever—ever,
 While all things pass away.

THE MEMORY OF A LOVE

When the evenings shadows gather,
 And I seek the lonely shore,
 Where 'Oft we walked together,
 In those happy days of yore.

I seem to hear your words again,
 In the waves that softly break,
 And in a sweet, sad tone they say,
 Ye come for memory's sake.

And on the old seat in the park,
 I sit long hours and dream,
 Of words that once were spoken there,
 Beneath the trees—then green.

But now the leaves are dead and gone,
 And all the trees are bare,
 Still the place seems dearer to my heart,
 It seems my grief to share.

To memory, dear is every place:
 Where e'er your feet have trod,
 The heart you crushed will ever keep,
 Your Image as its God.

Gone are thy smiles for me, I know,
 But I can ne'er forget,
 I gave to thee my heart's first love,
 And it is with thee yet.

Thy smiles are for another now,
 Thy words are for his ear,
 And memory is the only friend,
 That lives my heart to cheer.

So welcome, gentle autumn breeze,
 That fans this lingering spark,
 Of pleasure that fond memory weaves,
 Around a broken heart.

THE HOME OF EDGAR AND KITTY

A little nest upon a crest,
 Through giant tree-tops toward the West,
 I watch the sun with lordly train:
 Of gorgeous clouds—in golden frame:
 That on old Hudson's lovely breast;
 A road with diamond ripples pave,
 God's grandest handiwork—and best.

And His first garden scarce could vie,
 With this fair scene to charm the eye;
 Entrance the soul—while beauty near,
 Suggests a second Eden here,
 Where 'Ed, not Adam doth preside,
 And not less fair than Eve, is she:
 Queen Kitty—Royal Edgar's Bride.

In little nest upon this crest,
 Where all that love doth give is best,
 With half the passing world below,
 In beauty moving to and fro:
 Long may you dwell dear friends of mine,
 Still any nest must Eden combine,
 Because your home love is divine.

Lines sent to Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Nylander, June 24th,
 1920, after a visit to their beautiful home—At Home Crest on
 the Hudson.

B. K.

SUNSHINE OF THE PAST

Sometimes as I sit and ponder,
In that still and solemn hour,
When the bells are tolling midnight,
I sense a mystic dower.

Like the touch of vanished fingers,
O'er a harp with thousand strings,
An anthem grand, that lingers,
And a fore-taste of heaven brings.

And it fills my soul with sadness,
And my eyes are dimmed with tears,
As I think of vanished gladness,
In the by-gone happy years.

And I cry! Oh why were they ever:
Allotted: to me—those years;
With moments of joy: that forever,
Must be bathed in regrets and tears.

And this answer comes: as I ponder,
Like a sweet and sad refrain,
The past, and the present, and yonder,
Are forever: and always: the same.

BACK TO IRELAND, WITH MY MARY IN HER DREAMS

Oc! av you O'im fondly thinkin,
While the stars above are blinkin,
For O'im sure that you are, dhreamin love of me:
An O'i think O'i see you winkin,
As your dhrames go linkin linkin,
Your Poet, With a home acrast the sea.

Where snow white cots with thatches,
 Around which grow in patches:
 The sweetest flowers by mortals ever seen.
 Where 'Oft times in your slumber,
 You take me back in wonder,
 Among your childhood scenes of Erin green.

GOD'S ACRE

God's Acre, has a sacred sound,
 Far more than City of the dead,
 God's Acre is of all, the ground:
 Whereon an angel's feet would tread.

I love the dear old fashioned name,
 God's Acre—That our forbears knew,
 Where night-winds rune in soothing strain,
 The branches of the cypress through.

I love to wander where the dead,
 At last are left alone with God,
 For there all Nature seems to shed,
 A hallow O'er the sacred sod.

The sunlight seems more mellow there,
 The birds sing with a gentler note,
 The flowers a sweeter fragrance share,
 That on the evening Zephyrs float.

The place breathes peace, and heavenly rest,
 For all the silent dwellers there,
 And of all earthly places best,
 God's Acre seems—for silent prayer.

THE OLD RAG-CARPET LOOM

Up in the garret, an old carpet loom,
 For seventy years has stood in the gloom,
 Its polished beam, and shuttles show,
 The wear of hands, in the long ago.

And I think as I view its ancient form,
Of fingers that wrought there before I was born.
My mother's grandmother owned it, they said,
Who, more than a hundred years had been dead.

And I don't even know her family's names,
Tho their blood is now coursing thru my veins,
And this truth the old loom teaches me,
We are soon forgot by posterity.

And all of love that our lives have known,
In a hundred years will be outgrown,
And even the labor our hands have wrought,
Will furnish but theme for idle thought.

SONG

I LOVE YOU DARLING MARY

I love you darling Mary,
My little Irish Wife,
You'r the Belle of Tipparary,
You'r the angel of my life.
And I venerate that island green,
Where you first saw the light,
And gave to me the sweet Colleen,
That lights my life to-night.

REFRAIN

Oh! You are my little queen,
From the Emerald isle so green,
With the charming brogue of old Tipparary:
From Bellfast to Skibbareen,
Or in all the towns between:
There is not one sweet Colleen like my Mary.

When all the world seems dreary,
 With her, my soul finds rest,
 For my little Celtic deary:
 Has a warm heart in her breast.
 And no other on this wide earth,
 Can ever charm my life,
 With such a love of sterling worth,
 As my little Irish wife.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD

Some men are as bad as bad can be,
 And others: so good they could hardly be better,
 But a half and half man, is the man for me,
 For "The spice of life is variety."
 A whole lot of goodness: I love in a man,
 But a wee bit of wickedness: makes him more human,
 While a mixture of both: I often find grand,
 For a Saint by the world: is 'Oft dubbed an old woman.
 So give me a man: that is honest and true,
 Who sometimes flares-up: with a cuss-word or two,
 For a friend who is always: the same namby pamby,
 Is like a sole diet of sugar and candy.

THE MOON

We visit graves where great men rest,
 We treasure pages they did con,
 And sometimes places they loved best,
 We journey far to look upon.
 While from our very doors at home,
 We have an object, every eye,
 Of every saint: or Pope of Rome,
 Have gazed upon, as you and I.
 All men who lived, from Adam's time:
 Unto the present day—have seen,
 And watched with awe, Her face sublime,
 And named her, of the night, a queen.

The life of every plant or tree,
 Is governed by her gentle sway;
 The waters of the mighty sea,
 Her constant mandates do obey.

At midday 'Oft she does appear,
 Seen dimly, through the Sun's bright light,
 So seems to me her title's clear,
 To Queen of day, as well as night.

THOUGHTS ON THANKSGIVING DAY

November Twenty-Sixth, 1914

To-day all people of this land,
 Should raise a voice of deep thanksgiving,
 To God, Who with restraining hand,
 Has vouchsafed us in peace to stand.

Not only thanks, but earnest prayer,
 Should fill the minds of all to-day,
 For war is in the very air,
 And half mankind, are out to slay.

The last dark hundred days—just passed:
 Were worst this world has ever seen,
 Ten million men in battle massed,
 Such harvest death did never glean.

Our Country too, is filled with gloom,
 And men inquire—with bated breath,
 Will all be in the malstrom soon,
 Is this the hand—of angel death.

Has God deserted His creation,
 And left mankind to suicidal end,
 Unworthy of His trust—will every nation,
 To formless chaos, once again descend.

Oh Father who saved Lot from heaven's wrath,
And guided Noah, when there was no land,
Save and protect us, as Thy aftermath,
And lead us kindly, with a father's hand.

MY PRAYER

When my time comes to go,
It matters not if soon or late,
The hour, or year: I would not know,
Nor what may happen at the gate.

When the time comes to say adieu,
To all that makes life dear,
Let me not linger at the threshold new,
To speak a doubt or fear.

When the time comes to pass,
Life's exit: to the great beyond,
Let me not find a single task,
Whate'er it may be, left undone.

When the time comes, that God awaits:
My breath—His own,
May I face calmly all the fates,
Bravely—alone.

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES IS MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE MALE

Lines Suggested On Reading Rudyard Kipling's Poem

There is generally a woman: that stands behind the man,
When he wins a wreath of laurels, or does the best he can,
And although her deeper interest, his efforts did impel,
Still the man gets all the honor, if he happens to excel.

For the female love or anger, are the stronger of the sex,
 And to Mr. Rudyard Kipling I would pay my best respects,
 For through the lines He's written, this truth stands out full well,
 That women dominate all things, for heaven or for hell.

No matter if the mother be a woman—snake—or quail,
 If it were not for her instincts, all life on earth would fail,
 To protect the helpless offspring, 'Oft to death her life is hurled,
 Ah! "The hand that rocks the cradle, Is the hand that moves the
 world."

THE WORLD'S SYMPATHY

It's a useless thing for a man to look back,
 When an automobile has sped by;
 And left him scattered all over the track,
 To explain to the bystanders, why.

For there's nobody there, that his troubles will share,
 For nobody cares how they came,
 They will say, He had plenty of time to spare,
 And has only himself to blame.

It's an easy thing for a man to look back,
 And see his mistakes of to-day,
 It is easy to realize, money we lack,
 When we have not a cent laid away.

But what good does it do, our condition to rue,
 When we find ourselves out in the rain,
 Our friends say, Oh yes! we are sorry for you,
 But you've only yourself to blame.

THE OCEAN OF THE SOUL

A woman's love is something: far beyond the power of gold,
 For it never can be purchased, and it never can be sold.
 And it grows in strength and beauty; with every passing year,
 From some simple small beginning—perhaps a sigh or tear.

And it has no earthly limits, or measures that control,
For it is the great un-charted—vast ocean of the soul.
And O'er its placid bosom: many stately vessels glide,
While others safely anchored, in its pleasant harbors ride.

But scores of storm-torn derelicts: are drifting to and fro,
The saddest spectacles—the voyage of life can ever show.
Deserted, They are drifting to some unknown haven fast,
Wrecks on the soul's grand ocean, they sink from sight at last.

THE PASSING OF TIME

Another year has passed away,
That yesterday but seemed begun,
As ice is melted by a ray,
Projected from the summer sun.

Our days are seconds, on life's dial,
Our months are hours, that speed so fast:
That years pass, like a fleeting smile,
And each seems shorter, than the last.

April, like childhood—tears and showers,
June, like youth—all warmth and flowers,
August, like manhood—Heat intense,
October, Age at its commence,
November comes, and colder grows,
December,—old age—frost and snows.

FANCIES

Oh! memory come with golden wings,
And hover O'er my dreams to-night,
And let me wander back to scenes,
Where first I saw the light.
Around the present, cold and real,

Spread thy warm mantle, of ideal.
 Let old-time love its vows renew,
 And tears of other days bedew,
 Love's dead and vanished sight.

Where voice of running brooklet sings,
 The songs of other happier days
 And childhood's fancy ever strays.
 For there flow joy's eternal springs:
 From mossy walls, where friendship clings,
 And recollection seeks the spell,
 That ever haunts the mystic dell,
 Where hope with lingering footstep strays.

So memory weave thy golden maze,
 To-night in dreamland's tinted haze
 And bathe thy soft and downy wings
 In light that shines from other days,
 Where fancy lived with sweet romance,
 E'er love was killed by circumstance.
 Then blind the eyes of cruel fate,
 And open wide, the golden gate,
 Where childhood's dreaming fancy plays.

I DREAM OF THEE

I retire to dream of thee,
 When the light of day has fled,
 And the world lies cold and still,
 'Neath the mantle night has spread.

I retire to dream of thee,
 Queen of my heart and life,
 With an agony of longing,
 That is near akin to strife.

I awake from dreams of thee,
 And my heart knows naught of rest,
 Save in the joy thy presence lends,
 Sweetest of all, and best.

IN THE VILLAGE GRAVEYARD

Cairo, N. Y.

Among the grass grown graves I stand,
A deathlike stillness fills the air,
Familiar names on every hand,
I read upon the headstones there.

I feel a sense of deep unrest,
Beyond the power of words to tell,
There is a sorrow in my breast,
The memory of a last farewell.

There is no poverty so great,
As that beneath the coffin clods;
Within the village graveyard gate,
There comes no answer from the gods.

The voice of love sounds no reply;
To our vain cries of deep despair,
And all our wealth of joys shall lie,
Full soon—as silent bankrupts there.

Still! Why repine and dwell with fear?
We cannot stay the hand of fate,
Dream on—of future home of cheer,
Beyond the open graveyard gate.

Yes! dream with hope and trust in one;
A God who knows our every thought,
And rest assured, what He has done,
For some grand purpose has been wrought.

He would not mock our simple trust,
And bid His works return to clay,
All Nature answers—that we must
Meet somewhere's, in the far away.

PASSIONS

Blow cold and bitter winter breeze,
 Across the sear and yellow lawn,
 And rune among the leafless trees,
 Your sad and melancholy song;
 You can not sing too weird a lay,
 To suit a restless soul to-day.

Moan through the ruined graveyard fence,
 Or shriek around the prison wall,
 Your ominous tones of dire sequence,
 Much that is awful may recall;
 Still you can sound no note so low,
 As marks the depths of human woe.

There's naught in Nature' wildest moods,
 The earthquake shock or ocean storm,
 Can move the soul where sorrow broods,
 Or sway the heart where love beats warm;
 When God sent passions come and go,
 No power can stay the ebb or flow.

OH WHAT IS IN A KISS?

Oh! what is in a kiss?
 With those we love it thrills;
 The very soul with bliss,
 And all our being fills;
 With sense of Heaven near.

With no desire to kiss,
 Love dwells not in the heart,
 And something is remiss;
 When kisses we impart,
 A cold reception find.

TO A CLOCK

Tick-tick-tick—you measure off the seconds, minutes, hours,
 And they combined make up our earthly years,
 That rise and loom ahead like prison towers,
 And hold in duress hopes and doubts and fears.

'Oft when the darkest curtains of the night are drawn,
 Tick-tick—I hear you break the silence lone,
 And in the cold uncertain light of dawn,
 You still continue with unceasing tone.

Tick-tick-tick—like footfalls of some hidden guard you go,
 Sometimes, I fancy words your echoes share,
 In accents that are gentle, soft and low,
 Sad and impressive as a funeral prayer.

THE FINAL RECKONING

Life is not all. Our poor existence here:
 Is but a little link, in some vast chain,
 Beyond the power or scope, of human ken.
 We cannot stay the unerring hand of fate,
 But true to calls of conscience: as they wait,
 Are those, who best shall meet the inevitable end.
 Money and power, are only fleeting shades,
 A day—perchance four-score of years, at most,
 And then, beyond the cold dark river Styx.
 Ah! there's the sphere for deepest contemplation,
 Without regard for dogmas or for creeds,
 A place beyond all earthly helps or needs.
 Where every mortal man or woman cast,
 Stands naked, in the search-light of their past.
 The rich—the poor—the lowly, and the great,
 Must mount the scales, and try for sterling weight.

TO MY CAT FINNIGAN

Oh! Finnigan you're a wonder,
 When you frisk around the room,
 Darting here and there and yonder,
 Like a spirit in the gloom.

Is it ghosts from which you're gliding,
 When you scamper round and race,
 Or is old Nick here, hiding,
 In disguise around the place.

As you lie in sleep I ponder,
 On your ever restless mind,
 And I'm sure some spell you're under,
 Keeps you working over time.

Your lithe limbs twitch in keeping,
 With the fitful dreams that play,
 For you meow and growl while sleeping,
 In a most amusing way.

Oh! Finnigan I'm dumbfounded,
 You are too deep for me,
 For you seem to be surrounded,
 By things I cannot see.

But Finnigan, my Finnigan,
 Nine lives are yours they say,
 Do you die and then come back again,
 In this peculiar way?

Do you cross O'er the River Styx,
 And meet with dead ones there,
 And following you they nightly fix,
 Your ways with ghostly scare.

Still! Finnigan I love you well,
 With all your uncanny ways,
 Perhaps you were sent here to dwell
 My hair to nightly raise.

A REQUIEM OF THE SEA

I hear the solemn surge and swell,
Of the ever restless sea,
And faintly the voice of the buoy bell,
Comes over the waters to me.

And it seems to toll a funeral knell,
In a sad and minor key,
For those whose story none may tell,
In the fathomless depths of the sea.

And the white gull's weird and screamlke cry,
As they rest on the moonlit waves,
Sounds a requiem dirge for sailors who lie,
Deep down in the ocean caves.

A STORY ON A BENCH IN MADISON SQUARE

John D. 'Wal—no he want a bad feller,
But th' rabble waz allus kickin him round,
An they scrutinized him from garret to cellar,
An with all he did, some fault they found.

An: t' hear them go on, you'd almost think,
Thet this Rockerfeller was total depraved,
Some sed, Why the beggar won't even drink,
An thet accounts fer th money he's saved.

An others they sed—He perfesses religion,
An has nuthin in common with me an you,
An his son, John D. is a Sunday-school pidgin
While the ole man wuz borned a orthadoxt Jew.

Now this sort o' stuff is all rank rot:
An them as sez it I know is yellor,
They'r crazy fer money, thet they haint got:
So they rant an rave about Rockerfeller.

You ast—If I knowed this Rockerfeller.
 Wal stranger! No—but I seed him one time:
 Give a pore ol woman his umbareller,
 An it teched my heart to the very rhine.

An I sez to myself—then—right away:
 Thet a Guy so kind to a pore ol woman,
 No matter wat all the world might say:
 Is nine-tenths good, and the other tenth human.

NOTE.—The above little verses were sent to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Aug. 11th, 1919. I have a very nice little letter of acknowledgment from him.—B. K.

LOOK UP AND SING YOUR SONG

To James Woods

You've been to me a patron saint,
 Encouraged me to plod along,
 When all was dark; and I was faint,
 You said, "Look up and sing your song."

It's not half bad—you have my ear:
 You have my sympathy as well,
 So sing your song and have no fear,
 Some grander chord at last may swell.

Your words determined me to sing,
 Unmindful of the sneering throng,
 I only heard those orders ring,
 Sing on—look up and sing your song.

And so each day with better pace,
 I skip with joy—life's path along,
 And dream I see your smiling face,
 And hear these words—"You've won the race.
 Look up and sing your song."

TO THOMAS A. EDISON

He is a Wizard far beyond,
Our powers to understand,
All we can say—He is a man:
Of talents super-grand.

The wondrous things his hands have wrought,
Or mighty brain conceived,
Are far too deep for mortal thought,
And what the World believed.

He has outdone the wildest tales,
That fiction ever wrought:
Annihilating time and space,
With human words and thought.

Made audible the songs to-day:
Of artists who are in the grave,
Though flesh and blood may pass away,
Their golden accents he can save.

Yes! Of our age the wonder man,
The future cannot dim his fame,
Ten thousand years he has out-ran,
All chances of another name.

Though other wondrous things may come,
To hold a future age in awe,
The phonograph will be the one:
Perfected thing—without a flaw,
Which aeons back our Edison saw.

NOTE.—The verses above were written August 11th, 1919, and sent to Thomas A. Edison, at Menlo Park, N. J. He sent me in return a very flattering letter, also his photograph—autographed. These are two of my most valued keepsakes.—B. K.

REMORSE

I sometimes sense a turmoil:
 Like the noise of rapids below,
 A sound, that once at Niagara,
 I heard in the years long ago.

But to-day it is not the waters,
 On the rocks: that I hear again,
 But the voice of misspent, vanished years,
 On their way to the whirlpool of blame.

And I pray that the surging malstrom,
 With its weird and awful din,
 May swallow from sight forever,
 All in my life that was sin.

Oh! misspent time and endeavour,
 And vain tears, for what might have been,
 Like a river where currents forever,
 Are disclosing the corpse's within.

I hear not; but sense your flowing,
 For your tide is but time on its course,
 From now to the great forever,
 For good: or for better, or worse.

WHAT'S THE USE

What's the use of kicking,
 About the things we meet,
 We cannot change their trend at all,
 The bitter flavor of the gall,
 Or taste of sugar sweet.

We cannot add one cubit,
 To our stature if we would,
 And there's not the slightest reason,
 To change what is in season,
 Not even if we could.

So let the old World wobble,
As it always has, and will,
And what may come: accept with grace,
And smooth the wrinkles from your face,
And banish thoughts that kill.

A SPIRIT MESSAGE

'Oft at the mystic midnight hour,
A voice comes calling low,
From the land of souls: with wondrous power,
Distinct, though soft and slow.

And it says, My dear I love you,
And the angels that hover above you,
Look down with pity, and love you,
Where'er on Earth you may go.

They shall ever watch and guard you,
At your side: they are always there,
And my spirit is ever with you dear,
'Till in joys, past the grave we share.

AN OLD NURSERY DITTY

In boyhood days in old New York,
No romance could we find,
Like those tales of California,
In the days of forty nine.

The railroads had not then been built,
Across the desert plains,
So it meant long weeks of riding,
In the dusty wagon trains.

And in those times—California:
Was ten thousand miles away,
For it took a month to travel,
Miles—we now do in one day.

It was a land of mystery deep,
 Where people 'Oft did hide,
 For reasons best known to themselves,
 And the distant World outside.

And this story I'm about to tell,
 Was a little nursery song,
 About three crooked business men,
 And why they all went wrong.

The first one was a miller,
 And the second, a weaver man,
 And the third: a jolly little tailor,
 Was how the story ran.

And the weaver stole his patrons' yarn,
 And the miller stole their corn,
 And the tailor, he stole cloth enough,
 To keep these three rogues warm.

The Miller, in his pond was drowned,
 And the Weaver, was hanged in his yarn,
 But the little Tailor, ran off to Calaforny,
 With the broad-cloth on his arm.

THE TRAMP'S SOLILOQUY

My life has moved along, like the hands:
 Of a clock, so weary and slow,
 That much that was best within me,
 Has been left in the years long ago.

What a terrible barrier: sometimes,
 There is in a woman's smile,
 That was meant in a passing moment,
 Simply the time to beguile.

And what years of untold sorrow,
With the course of a whole life changed,
Ah! How much of this old world's history,
By some woman's whim is arranged.

But it's only the old old story,
Since the day of Sampson's lost hair,
And you may be sure, no hell is complete,
Unless theres a woman there.

TIMBUCTOO

To find a rhyme for Timbuctoo,
Or get the best of any-Jew,
Is not an easy thing-to-do,
In any language old-or-new.
But I've determined I-will-screw;
All words to tune I-ever-knew;
And look my Webster, thru-and-thru.
And then if word I cannot find,
I'll just sit down and go it blind,
And every book on-earth-eschew,
And coin some word entirely-new,
And make it rhyme with Timbuctoo.

SONGS I LOVE

I love the good old fashioned song,
That all who hear may understand,
That follows beaten paths along,
With rhyme and music simply planned.

Something that does not soar too high,
But gently soothes the weary brain,
That moves the heart, and dims the eye,
With tears that are not shed in pain.

I love those dear old fashioned lays,
Where love and sorrow sweetly blend,
That bring again to mind: the ways,
Of boyhood days, and friends of then.

TO THE JAPANESE

Scarce six decades have passed since Uncle Sam,
Insisted that you open wide your gates,
And unresisting—gentle as a lamb,
As friend, you welcomed these United States.

We would have forced you to accept our ways,
But willingly you clasped the hand that led,
And now that hand in perfidy is raised,
Because you humbly ask to earn your bread.

You have not filled our homes with filth or crimes,
Like many aliens that have reached our land,
Your record, far above them all still shines,
Must shine forever—an example grand.

Oh, little brown men, with your gentle smiles,
Oh, little brown men with your gracious ways,
It is a shameless spirit that reviles,
And would withhold from you a well earned praise.

THE OLD MARE'S SOLILOQUOY

Twenty years gone: since I was a colt,
And the finest filly: Kentucky had,
Louisville Belle—owned by Colonel Holt,
Then, life to me was happy and glad.

For they loved me then: and I was trained,
And sent round the country, near and far,
To win the races—Then home again,
Like a lady, I rode in my special car.

Yes! I was a lady in those old days,
 And grand the attentions I received,
 How different now, is the World and its ways,
 If the Colonel saw me, would he be grieved?

Thousands in cash: for the Colonel I won,
 And thousands more, for his bosom Pal,
 I remember: his name was Breckenridge Dunn,
 And he married Belinda, the Colonel's gal.

How she loved me then, and I wonder to-day,
 If she saw me hitched to this old coal cart,
 Would she fondle me now, in the same sweet way,
 A poor old Mare, with a broken heart?

Would she feel sorry I'm old and lame?
 I! Who was once her father's pride,
 Would she kiss me now, and braid my mane,
 An old nag, owned by Pat. McBride?

But here comes Pat, I must get wide awake,
 When he says—Gid ap—I must hurry ahead,
 If he whips me, I think my heart will break,
 These old time dreams, make me wish I was dead.

THE MORTAL'S JOURNEY

On, on, over the crest of the distant hill,
 And another hill looms far away,
 And then there are more: and another still,
 And at last it is close of day.

And what awaits us over the hill:
 Over the last hill's distant crest;
 The land that the dreams of a lifetime fill?
 Or unconscious sleep and rest.

On, on, day after day—day after day,
 With ever a dream of days more bright,
 A weary traveler plodding his way;
 And the end at last is night.

And what of the morn that follows that night;
 Do we go on, and on, and on,
 With never a turn to left or right,
 Until all hopes in the end are won.

THE TRAGIC RETREAT

Back to Berlin, with the Briton and Gaul at his heels,
 The barbarous Hun with his "Kultur," Starved and defeated
 reels,
 Drunk with the lust for conquest, a maniac Emperor-king,
 With the whole world turned against him, an abhorred and de-
 tested thing.

And a thousand years will not efface the blot from the German
 name,
 When history records those awful crimes, of the Teuton—in
 Belgium again.
 The Sussex and Lusitania's dead, and the Zeppelins ghastly toll,
 Of mangled mothers and babies dead, will picture the German
 ghoul.

And this is a judgment from heaven, for the wanton murders
 done,
 Back to Berlin with his shame and sin, marches the vanquished
 Hun.
 Yes! back to Berlin he is going, and the Germans will curse the
 name.
 Of the Hohenzollern pirate clan, that brought them to ruin and
 shame.

Back to Berlin with the Briton and Gaul at his heels,
 The barbarous Hun with his "Kultur," starved and defeated reels.
 Drunk with the lust for conquest, their maniac Emperor-king,
 Like a craven flees to Holland, an abhorred and detested thing.

DREAMING AND DOING

It is all very well to plan and to talk,
Of the things we are going to do,
It is all well enough to go out and walk,
And gaze at the stars in the blue.

But the fellow who takes up a shovel or hoe,
And digs up a square foot of earth,
And plants just one tree that will flourish and grow,
To the World, is of far greater worth.

To dream and to plan and to talk is alright,
And 'Oft helps dull hours to slip by,
Still they are mere nothings—just fancies light,
Not things for this world—but the sky.

So try to do something that's useful to-day,
For your own sake and others as well;
A something—that when you have passed away,
Of your good in this world may tell.

LINES WRITTEN ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1900

I look to see what others have on this Thanksgiving Day,
And with the things that they possess, my own possessions weigh,
Some have their hoards of boundless wealth,
And all the heart could wish but health.

With every dainty gold can buy, their board to-day is spread,
But turkey tastes as plain to them as does my daily bread,
With all their palates crave in sight,
They lack the poor man's appetite.

And so it is on every side, where'er I turn my eye,
Some seem to have in easy reach, what my purse can't supply,
But still I would not change my place,
With any of the human race.

ALSACE-LORRAINE

Oh! my boyhood home: the fairest,
God's sunshine ever kissed,
In my heart there dwells a sorrow,
That the soul would fain resist.

When I think of early friendships,
And loves that were divine,
In that dear old home at Strassburgh,
On Earth's grandest river Rhine.

My heart is with the Germans,
My heart is with the French,
There is no hate within me,
Nor revenge my soul would quench.

But my life is filled with sorrow,
Mortal words can ne'er define,
When I think of desolation,
In my country so sublime.

Oh! blue Alsatian mountains,
Oh! grand old river Rhine,
I can not raise my hand to strike,
An erring child of thine.

NOTE.—Dedicated to my Friend—Victor Hirtzler, San Francisco, Cal.,
April 10th, 1915.

THE PRAYER OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

They say in thought one simple prayer,
To God the All in All,
No words of the petition share
With sounds that vibrate on the air,
No mortal hears the call.

They do not seek a gilded dome,
 Where incense fills the air,
 Nor do they need to be alone,
 To speak to God in prayer.

'Tis but an earnest deep desire,
 For faith to lift the spirit higher,
 To banish errors all—as well,
 And make this life more spiritual.

ODE TO SPRING

The birds are here—the grass is green,
 The full moon sheds her mystic sheen,
 O'er Nature's sleeping breast.
 Oh! Spring-time with your gentle showers,
 And zephyrs perfumed by the flowers,
 Of all, I love you best.

For to my soul you bring relief,
 From every care and every grief,
 Which would my mind infest,
 And brighter far the future seems,
 In thy sweet atmosphere of dreams,
 Of peace, and Heavenly rest.

So welcome lovely days of spring,
 Of which all birds and poets sing,
 With glee, their praises best,
 So many many, so called bards,
 Have written odes to thee by yards,
 Accept this with the rest.

TO LUTHER BURBANK

Greater than all the victors born,
Where thousands died to win the day,
Is he whose works his life adorn,
With pride of all posterity.

Grandest his work of all—by far,
Who proves the truth of one idea,
Than he who finds some unknown star,
Or strives to sound eternity.

Greater than those who build with steel:
A battle ship, or monster gun,
Is he who hidden truths reveal,
That are a boon to everyone.

Poor eulogy is man's best praise;
The theme is far beyond his powers,
To tell of one who knew the ways:
And language; of God's trees and flowers.

NOTE.—The above little verses I sent to Luther Burbank. His letter follows:

August 15, 1914.

BEN. KEITH, Esq.,
1052 Ellis Street,
San Francisco, Calif.

DEAR SIR:—It was with pleasure that I opened the envelope containing your tribute to my work in poetical form. You may rest assured that it is most highly appreciated, not only the poem itself, but the kind spirit which prompted its production. I take the liberty of sending you a picture of "Yours truly," for from the sentiments which you express I judge that it will be acceptable. With hearty kind wishes to your good self, I am

Faithfully yours,

LUTHER BURBANK,
Santa Rosa.

SAN FRANCISCO

City of landmarks grand on every side,
Your sons and daughters worship you with pride.
And at first sight all strangers venerate,
Your beauty, as they pass the Golden Gate.

There Nature spreads on every hand her art,
In monuments that charm both eye and heart.
Old Tamalpais rears his head on high,
Towering aloft, he seems to touch the sky.

And Angel Island next: is hardly passed,
When pearl of all the bay, comes Alcatraz,
Then Yerba Buena Island—now called Goat,
Like some huge leviathan monster seems to float.

While in the hazy distance; far away,
Rise in faint blue, the hills of Berkeley.
Now Telegraph Hill is rounded on the right;
And then fair San Francisco looms in sight.

The Golden City of the Golden State,
In song and story greatest of the great,
Where romance of the days of forty-nine,
Will live forever in both prose and rhyme.

City of hillsides stretching far away,
Facing earth's fairest island-dotted bay,
Oh! San Francisco—place of wondrous sights,
Your range of Mission Hills, and Sutro Heights.

Twin Peaks, Lone Mountain, your majestic bay,
With snow-capped Mount Diablo miles away;
Once seen, must dwell forever in the mind,
As grand a theme as poet e'er can find.

A SUNSET DREAM

Home from the pasture at evening,
The cows come slowly again,
And memory a picture is weaving,
A tapestry rare of the brain.

In the doorway a woman stands waiting,
The house-dog and cat at her side,
And the twittering swallows are mating,
'Neath the eaves on the old barn's side.

And a barefoot boy is singing,
 A thoughtless and care-free song,
 And to-night its notes come ringing,
 In echos clear and strong.

But it's only a dream of country ways,
 Still, life's most cherished refrain,
 This picture of childhood's happy days,
 That can never return again.

THE OLD SEMAPHORE

On Telegraph Hill, San Francisco

On Telegraph Hill in days of yore
 Stood a signal machine: called the semaphore,
 Where stood an attendant, early and late,
 Receiving the news from the Golden Gate,
 Where another man with a like machine,
 Kept a lookout for vessels, of sail or steam.

And the people below, on the shores of the bay;
 Watched the man at the semaphore, night and day.
 Lanterns were used when the sun went down,
 To herald the news to the sleeping town.

Merchants were anxiously waiting their wares,
 Husbands their wives: with misgivings and prayers,
 Outlaw and bandit, were watching as well,
 For a rope with a noose, or a prison cell.

And some ship's signals were never shown,
 And their fate, to this day is still unknown.
 Others were weeks, and even months late,
 But arrived at last at the Golden Gate.

How different now on old Telegraph Hill,
 With the semaphore gone—It's deserted and still.
 None anxiously waiting and watching to-day,
 No doubts or fears, from a ship's long delay.

There's the wireless station—the cable—the phone,
That in the fifties were all unknown,
And I wondering ask! Are they here to stay?
And this answer seems to come—nay, nay,
In fifty years hence: the world will find,
Some way to leave all these things behind.
For the speed that the future years will show,
Will make our telegraph—then seem slow.

SPIRIT VISITORS

At times when life seems dreary,
And my heart is ill at ease,
Sweet memories come to cheer me,
Like a gentle autumn breeze.

And loving smiles that vanished,
E'er sorrowing years had passed,
With joys that time has banished,
Are revived again at last.

There are forms that linger forever
Like the perfume that dead flowers shed,
They are part of the soul—and can never:
Be lost to us—living or dead.

WALL STREET

A crooked little thoroughfare,
Narrow, short and dark;
My name is sounded everywhere,
The Nation's money mart.

My ways are deep and intricate,
And 'oft are filled with woe;
Despair and crime doth inspire,
And virtue overthrow.

Beginning at a graveyard gate,
I finish at a river,
Where many overwhelmed by fate,
Have buried care forever.

TO THE GOLDEN POPPY

State Flower of California

Golden flower of the Golden State,
With golden cup for the silver dew,
No other flower could compensate,
For the loss to our homes—of you.

You do not shed a sweet perfume,
About you: on the morning air,
But there's a romance in your bloom,
That all the landscape seems to share.

Midwinter's bright and welcome guest,
You come to hillside, vale and plain,
Of all the flowers—we love you best,
That gave our Golden West its name.

THE SPIRIT OF FORTY-NINE

Oh! I am the spirit of forty-nine,
That came from corners four of the earth,
And best things brought from every clime,
That to-day are a source of untold worth,
And I smile on the valleys of my first love,
From the mountains grand that tower above.

Yes! I am the spirit of forty-nine,
That braved the peril of ocean storm,
And fevers along the tropic line,
And the barren cliffs of old Cape Horn,
And the same to-day, I would still forego,
That the children my spirit should not outgrow.

For I am the spirit of forty-nine,
That fought the Indian hordes of the plains,
And starved and froze 'neath the mountain pine,
And suffered on deserts the dearth of rains,
And now from the tall Sierra's crest,
I guard forever, "The Golden West."

THE WORLD, LOVE AND DOLLARS

This World is the same from day to day,
From the break of dawn to evening's gray,
It's rise and dress—then disrobe again:
And follow in life's monotonous train.

Love will with poverty sometimes stay,
When wealth and beauty have passed away,
But friendship rarely leaves her van,
To follow the steps of a moneyless man.

It is just cold dollars that slavery earns,
Like the oil in funeral torches that burns,
Without it, the way with gloom is fraught,
In this world, 'Tis the thing most fiercely sought.

And the lust for money, since time began,
Through all the affairs of life have ran,
And God alone knows, what gems have been sold,
To the devil in hell, for a handful of gold.

TWILIGHT SHADOWS

The sun is setting: and the darkling shadows,
Are creeping slowly onward toward the West,
All Nature seems to feel their somber pall,
The farm-fowl, and the cattle—one and all,
Come home to seek a roost or stall,
Their wonted place of nightly rest.

Even the golden poppy's seem to feel,
 The mystic spell of evening's solemn hour,
 For gently droops each yellow tinted bell,
 As silently its slowly closing cell,
 Seems guided by some unseen occult power,
 That broods a world of thought at twilight hour.

How at this time the dead past comes to haunt,
 Our lives Anon—with pangs of vain regret,
 And all that we have lost in vanished years,
 Returns again on floods of useless tears,
 The flootsam loves, and jetsam hopes and fears,
 And much of life, the heart would fain forget.

THE UNERRING HAND

Some people speak of accident, coincident and circumstance,
 As though this life were but a game of chance,
 But a Power unseen directs us, selects us, or rejects us,
 And impels us to retreat, or to advance.

Every living thing we see, Beast or Fowl, or Plant or Tree,
 Know nothing of the ways of luck or fate,
 All are parts in Nature's scheme—Of her perfect, grand machine,
 That never marks the time too soon, or late.

Endless space where systems roll, forever without goal,
 Are too deep for mortal mind to ever grasp,
 Our spirit, life or soul, is a part of one grand whole,
 One atom in this Universe so vast.

CHILDHOOD LOVES

I never have forgotten,
 The loves of childhood day,
 But tenderly have kept them,
 On my heart shelf laid away.

But sometimes when I'm lonely,
 About them still I dream,
 The cows—old Moll and Betty,
 And Madge and Bess and Queen.

Then Jack, the house-dog, meets me:
 In his same glad, joyous way,
 And old Bill, my pony, greets me,
 With his well remembered neigh.

And the kittens—Kitty Clover,
 Brighteyes and Rose and Elf,
 Awake where they lie sleeping,
 On Memory's golden shelf.

And I wish not to forget them,
 Though the memory brings a tear,
 But they never wake from slumber,
 Darling Mary, when You're near.

So I know you will not ask me,
 To forget these old-time friends,
 I so dearly loved in childhood,
 And that with my life still blends.

WAR

War is a scourge by the devil sent,
 To fill this world with black despair,
 For when at last its fury is spent;
 And a death list read, of the innocent,
 Even the Victor, its pains must share.

War is wholesale murder at best,
 Victory is but accomplished crime,
 For the heads on which its laurels rest
 Are in no way by Heaven blest,
 Nor crowned with sanction divine.

War is a terrible wanton waste,
Of life, and treasure, and love,
So how can men with sincere faith,
Pray to God, while destroying their race;
And hope for forgiveness above.

NOTE.—The above lines were suggested, when in the year 1915, a French Catholic Priest, resigned parish work, in the City of San Francisco, and went to France to carry a gun.

THE LITTLE BROOK

Oh little brook, in childhood day,
I heard your music soft and clear,
And often since though miles away,
Your voice has soothed my dreaming ear.

In some lone hour when memories sad,
Have caused a tear to dim the eye,
I've heard again your accents glad,
As Heavenly music floating by.

And all this world dear little rill,
Seems changed to me—save you alone,
Your accents manhood's heart 'oft fill,
With pictures of its childhood home.

Down aisles of memory long untrod,
Sound footsteps from the vanished years:
Of feet that rest beneath the sod,
That love has watered 'oft with tears.

What sweet yet solemn thoughts arise,
By golden chain of memories stirred,
Each link recalls some loving eyes;
Some vanished face, or form, or word.

And so will love forever dream,
And longing glances backward cast,
While hope still lights despair with gleams:
Reflected from a happier past.

So little brook my constant friend,
 Thy purity, thy childlike song,
 Shall live in hearts of other men,
 In coming years—thy course along.

Forever onward to the sea:
 Thy waters with a song shall flow,
 And generations—yet to be,
 Shall hear thee, and their love bestow.

CAPTAIN LOXLEY

He stood on the bridge and encouraged the crew,
 As they manned the boats, while the ship settled low,
 His time had come at last; he knew,
 For a Captain's duty, is last to go.

The boats would hold at best, but a few,
 So he had no thought: himself to save,
 For a Captain's motto in life is—Be true,
 And a Captain's duty in death is—Be brave.

So Loxley stood on the bridge that day,
 As calmly as though on dress parade,
 And smoked his cigarette in a way,
 That convinced his men, he was not afraid.

He had learned his lesson well: they knew,
 For he met grim death, at his post that day,
 Just as all British Sailors do,
 In a silent, dignified, business way.

NOTE.—In the early part of the year 1915, an English war vessel was sunk by a German mine, in the North Sea. There were not enough boats to take off all her crew. She sank so rapidly that more than half her men were lost. Captain Loxley, her heroic Commander, stood at his post encouraging his men to act calmly. His words were, "Remember you're British—Be true." No scene of disorder, or fighting for place occurred. As the ship went down, Captain Loxley stood on the bridge, smoking a cigarette as he went to his death.

THE COST OF WAR

Billions of dollars and millions of lives,
Millions of sorrowing mothers and wives,
Oceans of blood: and bitter tears,
And the World undone for a hundred years.

The ocean floor with wrecks will be spread,
The land will be strewn with graves of the dead,
And the ruined and maimed on every side,
Will tell a sad story, of war's red tide.

It will be all loss when the fighting is done,
To the Victor, and vanquished, and every-one.
It will be all loss, there will be no gain,
For the harvest will yield, but regrets and pain.

TO ORVILLE WRIGHT

The First Birdman

Over the mountains and over the seas,
The aeroplane soars with grandeur and ease,
With never a limit—with never a bound,
To the vast highway on all sides round.

The snow clad peaks of the highest crest,
In an hour are reached by this aerial guest,
And men will soon o'er oceans wide,
From land to land in safety glide.

Conquering time and tide with a speed,
That shall realize every dream or need,
All honor and praise to the power of thought,
And the men of genius, these wonders wrought.

What gave to the World this aerial flight?
The Glenn Curtis engine, and Graham Bell kite,
But the first Birdman with rare foresight,
Who combined the two, was Orville Wright.

NOTE.—Professor Alexander Graham Bell was the inventor of the box kite, Mr. Glenn Curtis was the inventor of the gasoline engine. The Biplane is simply a combination of the two, and Orville Wright was the first man to accomplish this, and navigate the air.

DISPONDENCY

How black the shadows come and go,
And flit across my path to-day,
The leaden clouds that hang so low,
They half obscure the sun's bright ray.

They seem to wrap the world in chill,
Those sad and somber lights they cast,
And all the birds in awe are still,
While the gray clouds go drifting past.

And so my thoughts through memory stray,
Midst broken vows and unkind words:
And wrecks of joy that strew the way,
With vanished hopes my soul once stirred.

Dead friendships—shattered faith and love,
I stand an exile at the gate,
Awaiting time that moves so slow,
And measured by the hand of fate.

I PRAY FOR FRANCE

Dedicated to Capt. Paul Verdier, San Francisco, on His Return
from the Firing Line—on a Furlough—March 17th, 1916

Brave son of France whom all admire,
I hold thee in my heart still higher,
For human rights thy course points true,
A prototype I see in you,
Of one whose star will never set;
Your countryman—Our Lafayette.

No matter what this war may breed,
Of sore distress or awful need,
There's just one cause for which I pray,
For France! she had no choice to say,
But forced to meet the monster dire,
Who devastates her land with fire.

She had no choice—she only sought,
To hold her own—for which she fought,
For liberty and human rights,
For which to-day our own land lights:
The way that all mankind should go,
In this downtrodden world of woe.

I pray for France—the leader bold,
I pray for France—and may she hold:
Salvation for all human kind,
And may her cause in Heaven find,
A way to lead the World combined,
And bring them to one safe sane mind.

I pray for France—and for the hope:
For which to-day her people cope,
The welfare of the world at large;
I pray that God may give her charge,
Of this most awful world-wide war,
And teach what moral laws are for.

Oh hopes of nineteen hundred years,
 That seem to end in bitter tears,
 Has God withdrawn His kindly light,
 And left the World in hopeless night,
 Joan of Arc. Come back to France,
 And lead her army's to advance.

And crush the fiends that hold to-day,
 Her blood-soaked fields in awful fray,
 "Lead kindly light" her course divine,
 And may the smiles of Heaven shine,
 On France the Guardian of the World,
 'Gainst which, the powers of hell are hurled.

JEB HAWKINS—HOSS JOCKEY

In old-days P. T. Barnum's show,
 Worked off bad stock, that were too slow,
 On simple agricultural folks,
 So easy caught, with Barnum's jokes.

Jeb Hawkins was a slick old chap:
 And he would always handicap,
 All those with whom he made a dicker,
 No matter, if half full of licker.

And Jeb's strong point was, tradin hoss'es,
 And if he ever did meet loss'es:
 When he did buy or sell, or trade,
 Would square himself, next deal he made.

One day a showman passed his farm,
 And spun a long and wondrous yarn:
 About an old and worn-out mule,
 As though he thought Jeb was a fool.

The animal was a shaky one,
 But when the man his yarn had spun:
 Jeb handed out the price to him,
 And did at once repairs begin.

He brought in play a pair of shears,
 And soon the mule had horse's ears.
 Jeb trimmed them down where they were wide,
 Then scorched a brand on his thick hide.

And many more improvements drew,
 Until the animal looked quite true:
 As one who had survived the fray,
 Of many a hard fought battle-day.

And acid burns were scars of war,
 For Jeb knew what they all stood for,
 And could point out a saber slash,
 Or where a ball had cut a gash.

Long years have passed, but memory still:
 Retains this horse—Jeb called him Bill.
 No blue blood through his veins did course,
 But he was Jeb's most valued horse.

Who for him claimed a record grand,
 For on his flank there was a brand,
 Where his brown coat had turned to gray,
 That showed the letters, C. S. A.

Some officer no doubt was killed,
 That in the war his saddle filled.
 That's how Jeb's story first began,
 He said a discharged Union man.

Had rode Bill there, on his way back,
 From Gettysburgh to Hackensack,
 And when he heard that soldier's story,
 About that horse with so much glory.

Had bought him for his boys to ride,
 And for a sale his time would bide.
 So Bill was in the stable kept,
 And never worked—just e't and slept.

While Jeb arranged his pedigree,
And told the people General Lee:
Had rid that hoss at Malvern Hill,
An Gettysburgh, an Chancelorsville.

And as the years wore on apace,
The story spread from place to place,
Until great crowds would come to see,
The old war-horse, of General Lee.

And Jeb he always took great pride,
For he was on the Rebel's side:
Explaining how their cause was lost,
Because a Yankee stole that hoss.

And how until his dying day,
Old General Lee would often say,
"Jeb, I would sure have captured Mead
Had not them Yankee's swiped my steed."

Well one fine day a show-man came,
And wanted Jeb a price to name,
The figure asked was very big,
But passed to Jeb in half a jig.

And then the war-horse ceased to be,
The one once rode by General Lee,
For Jeb did to the man discover,
His same old mule, that was fixed over.

Said he, "It is the mule you know,
That one time traveled with your show:
Our Saviour rid at Jerico,
I think that's how your yarn did go.

When you palmed off that mule one day,
On me you thought a country Jay.
And now—Mister P. T. Barnum—say,
Do you see in my hair, any seed of hay?

IN THE MOUNTAINS

There is a pleasure in the forest deep,
 There is a music in the mountain rills,
 For there in mindless language Nature speaks,
 And sense of peace my bosom ever fills.
 There purest thoughts direct from Heaven come,
 And make the soul of man their dwelling-place and home.

There far removed from cities sordid din,
 In ferny glens: where crystal streams ne'er cease;
 Their ever gladsome music—nature's hymn;
 One hour of life amid such scenes as these,
 Is worth a whole decade of anxious years,
 Where tyrant money, rules our hopes and fears.

Ah! Mamon, thou art vanquished in this place,
 Thou seemest but a beggar low and mean,
 Thou cause of hate, and seed of all that's base,
 Thou can'st not fetter yonder little stream.
 On all alike who pass, free blessing it bestows,
 And naught of birth or station, ever cares or knows.

Oh greed that makes necessity a snare,
 You have no call, no reason to remain,
 Flee with quick steps: this place—again to share,
 The unequal race: where sin and crime, and shame,
 Are ever striving, thy good-will to obtain,
 And thousands raise their standards, in thy name.

All thought of thee, or creatures of thy making,
 By Nature's voice are banished from my mind,
 The near-by crickets chirp, bright memories waken
 That sweetly with the present scenes combine.
 The distant Night-Hawk's croak, The fox's shrilly bark,
 The mingled songs of Robin, Thrush and Lark.

All blend in beauty here, and charm the mind,
 While perfume sweet: from way-side flower,
 Is borne along the shady dell, upon the evening wind.
 Through arms of giant trees that tower,
 It softly whispers to the heart a sigh,
 A runeing sweet refrain—a sad good-by.

And I must say, reluctantly good-by,
 To all the beauty of this lovely scene,
 Stern duty calls—and so I say good-by,
 But memory shall forever keep thee green.
 'Oft shall I live again—in dreams, this happy day,
 And twilight thought shall wander back, to thee when far away.

A TALK WITH THE RIVER

I stood on the Brooklyn Bridge one night,
 Watching the silent mysterious flow,
 While each far-off dim, reflected light:
 Like a spectre danced in the river below.

And I thought of all the burthens of sorrow,
 That had drifted out to the unknown sea,
 And for lack of courage, to bide a morrow,
 Had here been launched to eternity.

And the water seemed of an inky hue,
 In the weird, cold light which the city shed,
 And the scene did my in-most soul imbue,
 With a strange fascination akin to dread.

And I thought had the river but power to speak,
 Of the terrible deeds enacted here,
 Anxiously would I its story seek,
 Though painful the words might fall on my ear.

And at last with questions that were but thought,
 I seemed to commune with the mindless tide,
 And its liquid murmur with words seemed fraught,
 While a ready meaning my mind supplied.

And here are the questions I asked the river,
 With the answers to them that the river gave,
 As I stood alone on that dark bridge, whither;
 Many had sought an unknown grave.

"Tell me, river, dark and deep,
 Waters that silently, solemnly flow,
 Waters that many a secret keep,
 Past all human power to know,

Tell me of the terrible thought,
 Of those who buried their sorrow here,
 Vanquished ere life's battles were fought,
 They sought relief in thy bosom drear.

Have they with thee found more repose:
 More charity than the cold world gave,
 'Ere they plunged madly—O'erwhelmed by woes,
 To forgetfulness in thy open grave."

And I strained my ear to catch this reply,
 Which seemed to come in a whisper hoarse,
 "Beware that no fellow-mortal die,
 Thinking thy faithless friendship worse.

For many who sought in my bosom relief,
 Were more sinned against than sinning,
 Beware, beware that no ruthless grief,
 May find in thee its beginning.

Let not a nail in a coffin's lid,
 By an act of thine be driven,
 And pray that all mortals my waters have hid,
 May awake in Heaven forgiven."

"But," I asked, "can one sinner pray for another:
 Would his words not fall dead on the air?"
 And this answer came—"To share with a brother,
 Adds virtue and strength to thy prayer."

And the voice continued in measured tone,
 Like the splash of a distant oar,
 "But an earnest, sincere wish alone,
 Shall be heard at Heaven's door."

"The humblest, simplest word e'er spoken,
 Or a thought: though half defined,
 In a heart too full for accents broken,
 Glad welcome there shall find."

And with uncovered head this prayer I said,
 On the bridge at midnight, alone,
 "Oh God, for the sake of thy Son who bled,
 Guide every poor wanderer home."

And this is ever my prayer to Him,
 Who notes e'en a sparrow's fall,
 And whose words are—"Knock—I will let you in,
 I have love and forgiveness for all."

THE STORY OF THE MINE

A Reminiscence of Arizona

The year war eighteen eighty three,
 If I remember right,
 That I was livin in Pine-tree gulch,
 Me an my pard Bronck White.

Two year before we located:
 Our claims—The General Grant;
 An Pride of Arizony,
 In the district Hassyamp.

The dirt got richer every day,
 An me an White, my pard,
 Hed built a cabin up the gulch,
 About a hundred yard.

One mornin wen we went to work,
 The pile of stuns was gone,
 Thet marked the middle of our claim,
 An made the title strong.

An durn my eyes—A cabin stood:
 Whar we hed left our tools,
 Wen we quit work the day before,
 An went to hunt our mules.

An thar three chaps was workin hard,
 Whar we hed built our camp,
 Still, all the place looked kinder changed,
 Not like The General Grant.

Bronck war the fust to break the spell,
 Sez he—My frens, tis queer:
 On this yer spot I've worked my mine,
 Fer purty nigh two year.

An now to find the mine vamoused,
 An others on the ground,
 I don't know how to take it all,
 My sense is quite dumfound.

Then the fellers sed how they hed did,
 Three year assessment work:
 Upon that very claim,
 An thet they handled all ther dirt.

An it was strange indeed thet now,
 Two tenderfoots should think,
 Thet they could jump em off that claim,
 Whar they hed sunk ther chink.

Wal, Bronck and me went up the gulch,
 Whar our cabin orter stood,
 But whar the day before twer clear,
 Now grew a heavy wood.

Sez Bronck to me—The thing is plain:
 We're in the wrong divide,
 So off we started to make sure,
 An clum the mountain side.

But wen we reached the top, we seen:
 The thing as plain as day,
 The mountain hed slid outer place,
 The bottom hed gin way.

The year war eighteen eighty three,
 Thet me an Bronco White:
 Was cut off by a lan slide,
 One dark an stormy night,

An this was how it cum about,
 We lost our hansom mine,
 Them other fellers claims slid down,
 An kivered White's an mine.

A PRAYER FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NOWHERE TO GO

Through the city streets in the afterglow,
 Thousands are hurrying to and fro,
 Some to happy homes are bound,
 After a day that success has crowned.

Others with step more heavy and slow,
 Burthened with cares that none may know;
 Are wearily plodding the thoroughfare,
 To a place, that only God knows where.

In the city streets when the day is done,
 May Heaven help each unfortunate one,
 Who aimlessly walks the pavement cold,
 Be they fair or ugly—young or old.

Whether a creature hardened by sin,
 Or just on the threshold where crimes begin,
 I pray that God, His help may bestow,
 On those, who at night, have nowhere to go.

AN IMITATION OF WALT WHITMAN

Oh! The spontaneous disaplin of seperiority,
 Oh! The obnoxious concession of debility,
 Oh! The impossibility of impossible conclusions,
 Oh! The incompatibility of the incompatible,
 Oh! The infinitude of corruptable reciprocity,
 Oh! The vicarious machinations of complicity,
 Oh! The inadequateness of the indispensable.

Oh! The spontanious conception of combustion,
 Oh! The invisable tripidition of the exquisite,
 Oh! The narcotic plausability of the plausible,
 Oh! The contankerousity of the contankerous,
 Oh! The receptive consistence of consistency,
 Oh! The illimitless limit of mutability,
 Oh! The redoubtable conflux of the rotund.

Oh! The spazmotic consequence of durability,
 Oh! The oxidization of contumacious spleen,
 Oh! The furative preponderence of the invincible,
 Oh! The rapturous exclusiveness of elagability,
 Oh! The incontestability of the incontestable,
 Oh! The meriterious gyrations of the gazoo,
 Oh! The Plausability of the rectangular hypohenuse.

SOME THINGS I CANNOT UNDERSTAND

Dean Swift is rated very high,
 And saintly critic's smile,
 At smut; if writ by you or I,
 They would consider vile.

Longfellow never penned a line
 That was not strictly clean,
 Still he indorsed Walt Whitman,
 Whose poetry was obscene.

SPIRIT FOOTSTEPS

Prelude

A footstep that no echo gives,
Save in the heart where memory lives,
Oft in the deepening twilight hour;
Returning, breathes an occult power,
And like a soft and gentle breeze,
I hear a murmur through the trees;
Beneath which love forever rests,
And spirits come as welcome guests.

I

Oh life with many a winding lane,
Oh links from memory's golden chain,
What voice is this, that comes again;
From vanished years in sweet refrain?

II

Oh childhood days—Oh happy past,
Those hours, those days, too bright to last,
Oh time with wings that speed so fast,
Oh World, with changes strange and vast.

III

What unseen presence lends this power,
Of sweet repose at twilight hour?
Like perfume from some vanished flower,
Tear freshened by love's summer shower.

TO AUNT JANE BEACH

Dearest Aunt, and second mother:
 When my own dear mother died,
 You, more than any other:
 My youthful pranks did chide.

And all of good within me,
 Your teachings did inspire,
 And the poetry that you read to me,
 Aroused the muse's fire.

You were a critic most severe,
 Once when you read my rhyme,
 What to my eye did start a tear,
 Provoked but smiles in thine.

Oft now I feel a helping hand,
 Where sweetest dream allures,
 In some sub-conscious summer land,
 And that loved hand is yours.

A MEMORY

Of

Cousin Christina Castro Keith

There is something beyond her rosy cheek,
 Her beautiful eyes—and raven hair,
 Something that words can never speak,
 That which is best in life is there.

That which is best in woman divine,
 Seen in such smiles as angels wear,
 Speaking the soul in words sublime,
 Beautiful thoughts are dwelling there.

A MEMORY PICTURE

Of

Aunt Emily Meiggs Keith

A face whereon the sweet content,
Of resignation sat enthroned,
Where heavenly light seemed ever blent,
With colors years of goodness toned.

Mellowed by self denial and pain:
For others sake, in patience bourne,
Dear heart! Thy full reward must claim:
In heaven, the robes by angels worn.

TO MARCIA

Sometimes I fancy you touch me dear,
In the old familiar way,
And I feel your hands on my shoulders again,
Where you often placed them to pray.

To pray that no harm might befall me,
While you sprinkled with water that's bless'd,
The one you loved, and the one who loved you,
The sweetest of women, and best.

And I sometimes hear a whisper at night,
Not in words that the tongue could sound,
But a deep, and mental suggestion—That speaks;
With a scope beyond earthly bound.

I am sure you are ever with me,
And will guide and direct me dear,
For I sense your spirit around me,
And it seems to dispel every fear.

A REVERIE OF THE SEA

The full moon spreads a path of light,
 Far out upon the placid sea,
 A road of silent mystery.
 And white gull's hover there tonight,
 Like spirits from the lonely deep:
 That everlasting vigils keep,
 O'er unmarked graves of ocean's dead,
 Perchance the souls of those who sleep,
 Forever 'neath the mighty deep,
 O'er those for whom no prayers were said.

Note—There is an old superstition among sailors, that Sea Gulls are the souls of sailors, drowned at sea; and will not allow anyone to shoot at, or molest them, as they believe it brings bad luck to the ship.

TO JOHN BURROUGHS.
NATURALIST

Rich stores of Nature's treasure he has mined,
 Beyond all earthly millionaires combined,
 And grander far, than State-craft's noisy strife,
 His paths have led through simple country life.

In every bird, or flower, or tree, he met a friend,
 That with his life did joy and pleasure blend,
 He understood all Natures varying moods,
 Fierce mountain storms, or forest solitudes.
 They moved his soul in language so sublime,
 That he transcribed it for all after-time.

Most great men are but hero's of an hour,
 Their memory passes, with their day of power,
 But names of Burroughs and Burbank, will live,
 Forever in the joy, their life works give,
 Inseparable with Nature they are bound,
 Translators of her mysteries profound.

A MEMORY OF HERMOSELLO

I was dreaming last night of the long ago,
In a quaint old city of Mexico,
Where I often sat in the Plaza square,
While perfume and music filled the air.

As the Government band with horns like gold,
Were playing there as they did of old,
And "The La Paloma" seemed to greet,
My listening ear in accents sweet.

While the castinets beat a lagging time,
That gave to the melody double rhyme,
And the delicate scent of jasmine flowers,
Was wafted on zephyrs; from vine clad bowers.

And the odor of orange blossoms again,
Came like an echoless sweet refrain,
Laden with mystic rays to illumine,
The land of dreams in my silent room.

And waking a pleasure still was mine,
From those evenings I spent long years ago,
Where I heard The Angelus distant chime,
In that quaint old city of Mexico.

WORDS THAT ARE LEFT UNSAID

Things that are left undone,
Words that are left unsaid,
Hearts that are broken, for love unwon,
Filled with regrets for the dead.

'Tis the same old story "Maud Muller" again,
So truthfully told by Whittier's pen,
Of lifelong sorrow, regret and pain,
For something that easily might have been.

Still we oft have no courage to utter the word
 And like Maud as silently rake,
 For an answer that would not a yes resound,
 Of our life, a desert would make.

IN MEMORIAM

Andrew Carnegie

Prelude

No mortal man E'er knew his inmost heart,
 He was a wonder-man in all his ways,
 Loyal to all the World; He played his part,
 Unmindful of its censure or its praise.
 Yes! He was all in all, a super-man,
 There was no place on which to rest a doubt,
 For when his every act of life we scan,
 The motive puts all sordid thought to rout.

—o—

His works await the verdict of posterity,
 No tongue or pen can voice a just acclaim,
 A future sure, will prove the deep sincerity,
 And help for all mankind, that was his aim.

As age and distance heighten works of art,
 With softened mellow tints; in after time
 So laps of years reveal the sterling heart,
 Revered by all the world, for deeds sublime.

And so this grand old man, shall fully reap,
 The love of generations yet to be,
 While angels weaving dreams around his sleep,
 Shall light his soul through all eternity.

TO MINOR COOPER KEITH

My Cousin

You are the Patriarch of our clan,
Without a Peer—you are a man,
And I am proud, kinship to claim
Because your greatness and your fame
Reflects a luster on my name.

TRY AGAIN

If things do not come your way,
 Try again,
 No matter what the world may say,
 Try again,
 Try in sunshine and in rain,
 Heed the promptings of your brain,
 Remember its a long long lane,
 Where all efforts prove in vain,
 Be persistent and you'll win,
 Any race you enter in,
 Never stop when you begin,
 Try again.

If the answer should be no,
 Try again,
 Move with caution—but not slow,
 Try again,
 Do not rush—do not delay,
 When you start the game to play,
 Use all cards that come your way,
 And you'll surely win the day,
 Be persistent, you will win,
 Every scheme you enter in,
 Never halt when you begin,
 Try, try again.

THE DOCTOR'S STEREOTYPED REPLY

Most every one who dies to-day,
 Whom doctors are attending,
 Just seem to have one simple way,
 This mortal life of ending.

If you inquire the cause of death,
 Your doctor, with a look all wise,
 Gives answer just like all the rest,
 "Heart failure"—quickly he replies.

He might as well, tell you that all;
Who ever have experienced death,
From now—way back to Adam's fall,
Have simply died for want of breath.

TO WILLIAM SHILLABER
IN MEMORIAM

Living or dead—He cannot change,
Remembrance of the years that were,
A man surpassing mortal range,
He dwells in loving hearts they stir.

I knew him not—as I would know,
But still, to-day I pen these lines,
Not of vain fancy—Nor for show,
But tribute small to myriad chimes.

Though he has gone—Yet may I sing,
A requiem of repose and rest,
A prayer for joys, that angels bring,
To Heaven's best loved and honored guest.

Lines to my Friend, Mr. Alvah Wilson, San Francisco, Cal.,
October 20th, 1917.

A REINCARNATION OF JOB

Oh, Mr. Wilson do you feel the way you look and act
And do you love the whole wide world—or is it only tact?
Sometimes I think old Mr. Job, could learn a thing or two,
About the way to handle men, if he met up with you.

Of course Job was a wonder—for with twenty kind of "biles,"
He greeted all the folks he met, with happy words and smiles,
Tho' every day his luck was worse, his patience stronger grew,
And I believe his spirit dwells, again to-day, in you.

THE HEIGHTS

The Home of Joaquin Miller

Poet of the Sierras

Up in those hills he loved so well,
All that was mortal of him remains,
But somehow I feel that his spirit must dwell,
Midst the flowers and trees of those grand domains.

Seeing and sharing their beauty again,
Knowing the thoughts of the visiting throngs,
Hearing them speak of his deathless fame,
Repeating with love—his cherished songs.

Sometimes I fancy, a power he lends,
To this beautiful vision of landscape and sea,
That the Master's love, with the scene still blends,
In a halo of light from Eternity.

SPEAK KINDLY

Of all the hard and heart-breaking toil,
That falls to the lot of mortals to bear,
Is tramping all day through the city's moil,
Seeking for some employment to share.

This is the way that crime is born,
The world has denied a chance to exist,
The first law of nature, takes aggressive form,
And self preservation cries out to resist.

Some word to a starving creature said,
May strangle and kill a last faint hope,
Or crush the heart like a weight of lead,
And fix the knot in a suicide rope.

Still how careless we turn from the poor away,
 Or thoughtlessly speak a word of discouragement,
 Instead of trying kind words to say,
 For their weary bodies and souls encouragement.

Speak gently, speak kindly, to those in distress,
 And though you are powerless their want to allay,
 Remember, kind words leave the deepest impress,
 On the poor ones of life, who are thrown in your way.

WITH SICKLES AT GETTYSBURGH

There was an old soldier had pencils to sell,
 And he stood on a street corner day after day;
 He was minus one arm and decrepit as well,
 And could eke out existence in no other way.

One day, as it happened—'twas Fourth of July,
 A man with a crutch passed along on that street,
 And the man selling pencils at once caught his eye,
 And with hand to his hat his old general did greet.

For the man with the crutch, was General Dan Sickles,
 Daniel E.—of one leg, and of Gettysburg fame,
 He returned the salute, with a handful of nickles,
 As kindly he called the old veteran by name.

And the old man answered: in reminiscent way,
 "In the year sixty-three, on the Fourth of July,
 I first saw your face: on the field where you lay
 As a tourniquet around that old stump I did tie."

"Oh yes, my dear fellow," the old general said,
 "I remember that incident yet, very well,
 Old comrade of mine, on that day we both bled,
 So to-day we'll both dine, at a first class hotel."

And the General soon had a carriage at hand,
 And took the old man to a place very swell,
 Where a dinner they had, of the best in the land,
 And from that day, the old 'Vet no pencils did sell.

THE BROOK AND THE WHIPPOORWILL

Down where the little brook is singing,
Its soft and musical lay,
I love to stroll, when the evening shadows;
Deepen to dusky gray.

For there in the solemn moon-light,
Come notes like a distant chime,
That awaken sweet recollections,
Of a happy bygone time.

That awaken dear home memories,
Of one now far away,
Who stood by my side, when the whippoorwill sang,
In that happy bygone day.

As he sang in that bygone day,
All on Earth seemed happy and bright,
For her love was all the World to me then,
But how different it is to-night.

For now as I watch the cold moonbeams,
Through the shattered roof of the mill,
All on earth seems changed, save that old sweet song,
Of the brook, and the whippoorwill.

THE LAMENT OF THE GERMAN MOTHERS

Oh! what is the Kaiser doing?
With our fathers and our sons,
Does he care not for the ruin,
Of our homes, and little ones.

Oh! what is the Kaiser doing?
That the German mothers moan,
He is spreading death and ruin,
While the Belgian mothers groan.

Does he see those frantic mothers?
Hear their cries, on every hand,
While destroying homes and brothers,
In that neutral Belgian land.

Knows he not, that retribution,
Awaits his awful deeds,
And that Heaven grants restitution,
Where justice humbly pleads.

Can he not see God's writing,
As of old, upon the wall,
"Who by the sword lives fighting,
By the sword, shall surely fall.

THE INGLORIOUS WAR

Oh do not tell the story,
Of wanton murder done,
Where there were no deeds of glory,
But tears for everyone.

Write not the awful story,
To be read in coming years,
Of this harvest red and gor'y
That filled the world with fears.

Draw close the somber curtain,
And hide the ghastly dead,
For the sight of them are certain,
To fill the soul with dread.

Let no pen tell the story,
Of the ruthless murder done,
In this war devoid of glory,
And without a hero—one.

These lines were suggested on reading the words of Cardinal Gibbons. At the beginning of the World War V. I. Z. "There will be no glory in this war."

A DREAM OF PEACE

I had a dream, the Pope at Rome,
Issued an edict to the World,
That he, all subjects would disown,
Who marched with battle-flags unfurled.

He ordered, that no Priest of God;
Should follow in War's awful van,
Nor pray above the blood stained sod,
Removing ruthless murder's ban.

And in my dream, an angel came;
Holding aloft a diadem,
"Whereon was writ in words of flame,
"Peace and good-will unto all men."

THE IRONY OF FATE

It seems a truth that men who save,
Their money just to count it o'er,
And to possess it, all things brave,
And simply live to make it more,

It seems a truth that such as these,
Do what they will, must soon or late,
Some fool of spendthrifts hobby please,
And prove—"The irony of fate."

ACH HIMMEL

When this cruel war is over,
What can the Kaiser do?
For he will have to seek a job,
Among the common crew.

Perhaps to some hotel he'll go,
Sling hash and peel the spuds,
Or slop around the laundry,
And wash the dirty duds.

Or perchance some Bowery Chop-House,
 Like famous Beef-Steak Dan's,
 May use this "Kultured" Kaiser,
 Vat has lost his Vater-landts.

St. Peter will not have him,
 And they'll turn him down in h—l,
 So the only place I see for him,
 Is a job in some hotel.

But when this war is over,
 What will the Crown Prince do,
 He has never earned a dollar,
 And his head is filled with stew.

We must send him up to Bloomingdale,
 For that's the only place,
 Where safe within the bug-house,
 He can represent his race.

A CALIFORNIA YARN

'Twas on a Sausalito boat,
 I chanced to meet one day,
 A tall and aged Argonaut,
 With whiskers long and gray.

And while we sat upon the deck,
 To pass away the time,
 He poured into my listening ear,
 This tale of forty-nine.

"When I first reached the diggins,
 I was just nineteen years old,
 And I bought a pick and shovel,
 And went out to hunt for gold.

I went up Sacramento way,
 And then to Angels Camp,
 And there I met a Texas chap,
 That called his name Jack Hamp.

Well! Jack an' me staked out a claim
 And built a little shack,
 And Jack had lots of money,
 So for grub we had no lack.

But very little gold we found,
 And almost every day,
 Jack left me there at work alone,
 While he would go away.

Sometimes I would not see him,
 For a week or two; or more,
 At such times he would always bring,
 Home grub and gold galore.

I often asked him where he'd been,
 And he would sometimes say,
 A looking for some richer camp,
 Down San Francisco way.

He always left some good-sized sacks,
 Deep buried in a hole,
 And I never dreamed at that time,
 It was money he had stole.

'Till a longer time than usual passed,
 And Jack did not appear,
 So I thought I'd go to Angels Camp,
 And see what I could hear.

I dug them bags up, he had hid,
 So careful like away,
 I don't know how much gold there was,
 Not even to this day.

For just as I was thinking,
 What on earth 'twas best to do,
 In rushed a sheriff's posse,
 And they said, "We came for you."

And when I asked for Jack, my pard,
 They laughed and told me plain,
 That "my partner was a bandit,
 Marrietta was his name."

And here the story was cut short,
 For the boat ran in her slip,
 And the Captain slyly winked at me
 With a finger on his lip.

And when I did inquire of him,
 Who the old chap was, he said,
 "He is an old prospector,
 That went daffy in the head."

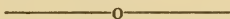
TO MY FRIEND, MR. ALVAH WILSON

On His Departure for New York

St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco, Saturday, October 20th, 1917

Prelude

If I should speak my deep regret,
 When treasured friends depart,
 I'd say I wish I could forget,
 I ever had a heart.



The old place will not seem the same,
 When you have gone away,
 Still! Ofttimes you will come again,
 In many a future day.

Not with the same warm kindly smile,
 That always shed a glow,
 But through sad memory's silent aisle,
 With friends of long ago.

The old house will not seem the same,
 For those I meet—are few,
 But you were one who often came,
 And pleasure did imbue.

And as you go, my sincere prayer,
 And wishes best—dear Friend,
 Go with you—always—everywhere,
 To life's last little end.

LINES TO DR. COOK

Dear Dr. Cook, some people think you never reached the pole,
 You claim you did, and that should be enough,
 They were jealous minded people who put you in a hole,
 And gave the palm to Peary, as a bluff.

You had six months the start of him, and so it's very plain,
 No matter what the world may say dear Doc.
 That if you didn't reach the pole, why Peary has no claim,
 And the old North Pole to-day is still in hock.

AN AWFUL MISTAKE

I'll tell you a story about Mary Ann Boyle,
 Who was sent by her aunt to a drug store one day,
 To get her a dose of Castor oil,
 For which she gave Mary a dime to pay.

Mary handed the clerk the ten-cent piece,
 And asked for a dose of Castor oil,
 He joked her about the awful grease,
 And said, "He feared her dress it might spoil."

The clerk grew more chummy, and spoke of the weather,
 And a new soda fountain, they were just putting in,
 He proposed that they both have a drink together,
 For the day he remarked, was as hot as sin.

Now after awhile—What do you think,
 When Mary Ann asked the clerk for the oil,
 He smilingly said, with a sly little wink,
 "It was in that soda you drank, Miss Boyle."

THE NIGHT-WATCHMAN'S STORY

Do I ever see ghosts! Well, I won't say I do,
 For there are some things, a mortal can't see,
 Still enough that was fearsome to me, has occurred;
 In that old empty house, and I give you my word,
 What I tell you are facts, and not what I have heard,
 My experience—and not my idea.

There are voices and sounds, in the dead hours of the night,
 And surroundings seem weird and drear,
 As I walk my rounds through the old hotel,
 And I sometimes feel certain that demons from H—l
 Have come back again for a rollicking spell,
 And are holding receptions here.

There are heart-rending groans, and unearthly cries,
 With shrieks, that are ever louder and higher,
 And a wild hysterical laugh, with tones;
 That chills the marrow within my bones,
 Then a clatter of hoofs, and the rolling of stones,
 A gnashing of teeth, and crackling of fire.

And ofttimes I see a pale blue light,
 And smell the odor of brimstone, as well,
 You may laugh, and call this an idle dream,
 But for your opinion, I care not a bean,
 For I'm telling the truth about what I have seen,
 On my rounds at night through the old hotel.

NOTE.—The above is a true story, told by a man who was night watchman and caretaker of the old Manhattan Beach Hotel during the winter months, twenty years ago. At last the place became so infested with the restless spirits of former guests, that it had to be torn down, and the spacious grounds once the site of the famous old hotel, have been transformed into a beautiful suburban village. Many of the present residents claim that on still summer evenings, they often hear the wonderful strains of P. S. Gilmore's band playing again as of old, in the place he loved so well, and to which his band gave world-wide fame.

DREAMS OF HOME

Sometimes when I sit dreaming,
 In my silent room alone,
 In the little cold hall-bedroom,
 That to-day I call my home
 I see again a cozy room,
 Where the fire once burned so bright,
 And the world seems shrouded in deep gloom,
 By the contrast with to-night.

A kitchen with its home life,
 My wife—her dog and cat,
 And those charming hours I read to her,
 From Dickens or Marryatt,
 And my heart is filled with sorrow,
 That no words can ever speak,
 While the coming of the morrow,
 Brings another day as bleak.

And at other times while dreaming,
 A light comes softly gleaming,
 Forming castles in the air;
 And the small room seems to widen,
 To a palace grand and fair,
 Where vanished forms and faces,
 Seem to fill all vacant spaces,
 As I sit and dream of "Home sweet home"
 And the joys that once were there.

THE TROPICS

Eternal summer sunshine,
 For some may have a charm,
 But there's something in the fall-time,
 On the old New Hampshire farm,
 A sort of restful feeling, that pervades the atmosphere,
 A something that is missing for there is no Autumn here.

When the summer work was over,
 And the crops were in the barn,
 Rye, and wheat, and corn and clover,
 On that old New Hampshire farm;
 At night we often skated; on the frozen river near,
 But joys like these are missing, for there is no winter here.

A DREAM THAT WAS NOT ALL A DREAM

Across the border land of sleep,
 In no-man's land: called dreams,
 Where towering mountains vigil keep,
 O'er deep and dark ravines,
 Through which wild turbid rivers flow,
 So strangely silent on their way,
 To nowhere in the plains below,
 Where never shines the light of day.

And all things bode a sense of fear,
 While mystery reigns on every side,
 And phantoms seem to hover near,
 Their shadows on the tide.
 In this weird place I stopped to fish,
 And cast my line far out,
 And soon I landed with a swish,
 The shadow of a trout.

I tried to twist him from the hook,
 The beggar fought me back,
 Just then all things around me shook,
 I felt an awful whack,
 Then I awoke upon the floor,
 Where I had pitched from bed,
 My wife some strange saint did implore,
 I won't tell what she said.

CHILDHOOD

Oh! happy thoughtless childhood,
 There is pathos in your ways,
 As I watch you from my window,
 In the door-yard at your plays.

It seems but only yesterday,
 When care I did not know,
 And life like Spring-time weather,
 Was filled with youth's warm glow.

And when I think of the future,
 That the children must know full soon,
 When clouds may begin to hover,
 Perhaps e'er the hour of noon.

I cannot check the tear-drops,
 That gather and dim my eyes,
 As I think of the stony pathway,
 That before each youngster lies.

Oh! happy thoughtless childhood,
 All joy, and love, and mirth,
 Until you're gone forever,
 None know what you are worth.

HOME

Oh, cares and troubles that life beset,
 When the day is done, I cast you aside,
 And hurrying home I soon forget,
 That the world is dark, or cold, or wide.

And then my mate, with voice as clear,
 And soft and sweet, as a silver bell,
 Bids me a welcome in words of cheer,
 That holds my soul in a mystic spell.

In our bright little home—there is never room,
 For other guest than love to abide,
 So we drive away all thought of gloom,
 And forget the clouds of the world outside.

CHARITY

With Apologies to Walt Mason

Oh Charity, sweet charity; why don't you stay at home,
 'Till you allay the ignorance and suffering of your own?
 Why do you go to Timbuctoo—Greenland—or far Cathay,
 And leave a million people, uncared for here to-day?
 Whenever there's an earthquake, a flood, or a cyclone,
 No matter if it happens twenty thousand miles from home;
 There's a lot of kindly people who raise a hue and cry,
 And go around a-begging, food and clothing, to supply.
 But the jobless, starving, ragged man, that every day they meet,
 That wanders hopeless up and down their own home-city street,
 If he asks them for a nickel, they coldly turn away;
 Their charity is not at home, it's gone to far Cathay.
 Some very sincere people, who mourn the heathens need,
 Are always sending teachers to show them how to read,
 While night and day they make for them, shirts, socks and silk
 Pajamas, and money give for preachers' pay, to sing them loud
 hosannas, But the wicked ones, and naked ones at home: they
 cannot see, They say, "The Foreign Mission is the only field
 for me," And oft-times their own children's clothes, are full
 of rents and holes, while they are sewing buttons on the
 garments of lost souls. Oh Charity! sweet charity, your feet
 are oft-times cold, you sometimes ask for money—or if the
 man is old; you say you want a younger man to do the work
 to-day, for you have no interest in a plan—that in the end
 don't pay. Now many saintly Christians, when they read this
 rhyme will say, "The author is an Anarchist, and should be
 hanged straightway. He has no right to ask us, why we neglect
 our poor, and ship our charity away—through China's
 open door.

EXISTENCE

This life is just one long, long wait,
 For something better—something worse,
 We dream and plan, and cogitate,
 From cradle to the funeral hearse.

And there all worry seems to end,
 For beggar, or the richest man,
 Must follow the inevitable trend,
 Of Nature's socialistic plan.

Nothing into this world we brought,
 And we can nothing take away,
 Oh! What a fearful depth of thought,
 Is that—about a Judgment day.

What nicety of scales to weigh;
 And separate the good intent,
 From opportunities that sway,
 Each human heart's environment.

Ah! Thoughts that stun the mortal mind,
 Begone—No truth your presence lends,
 Seek not the things you cannot find,
 Until life's long, long waiting ends.

THE REVENTAZON RIVER

Costa Rica, C. A.

Oh wild and rushing mountain stream,
 I cannot sing thy song;
 'Tis like a wild, unearthly scream,
 Thy wayward course along.

Unlike thy sisters of the north,
 Whose tones so sweetly rhyme,
 Thy voice Reventazon, is hoarse,
 And sadly out of time.

For like the earthquake shock;
That burst thy prison bars asunder,
Still thou art rolling rock on rock,
With sound like distant thunder.

As one persued who would elude,
Through forest's deep thy course is set,
Where fevers live and tree-snakes brood,
And tigers howl accompaniment.

What evil impulse drives thee on?
What is it haunts thy troubled breast,
Tell me thy tale, Reventazon,
For I to-day would be thy guest.

The River

Well! I will tell to thee my tale,
Since thou hast come to seek me here,
My lonely lot in vain I wail,
No friendly voice e'er greets my ear.

Dark was the day that saw my birth,
As I to light untimely came,
Deep from the bowels of Mother Earth,
An outcast born in fire and flame.

Men called me rolling, bursting river,
For that my name in English means,
And true to name I am the giver,
Of sounds that wake thy present dreams.

At times I dash in foam and spray,
As here you see me tossed about,
And bear hugh boulders on my way,
That crowd and choke my downward route.

O'er mossy walls at times I fall,
 Then rise again in vapors light,
 In which His promise to recall,
 God paints the rainbow colors bright.

I flow through many a mountain fen,
 With wild cane fields on either side,
 Where human feet have never been,
 And Will-o-wisp lights nightly glide.

Along my banks the panthers prowl,
 The wild cat springs from tree to tree,
 And preys upon the water-fowl,
 The monkey and the chimpanzee.

And often too my current sways,
 The trailing limbs of giant trees,
 Where parrots spend long summer days,
 In idleness and noisy ease.

And mountain rills at every mile,
 Their tributes offer to my tide,
 Their ripples are the only smile,
 That ever swells my breast with pride.

An Indian bridge oft spans my tide,
 Suspended high above the water,
 A hammock net, of wild vines tied,
 But safe withal for man to walk O'er.

Past many a Native town I speed,
 And river-dogs my waters rile,
 In lowlands where the wild hogs feed,
 I wider grow with every mile.

On banks of mud adown my way,
 The alligator rears her young,
 But here I widen to a bay,
 And so at last my song is sung.

So fare thee well, and fare thee well,
 My waters say as on they flow,
 O'er those to come the echoes swell,
 Farewell, good-by, where e'er you go.

NOTE.—The name Reventazon—a Spanish word, implies rolling, tearing, bursting. This river burst forth from the side of the volcano of Turrialba, during the eruption which destroyed the city of Catargo, the old capitol of Costa Rica, in the year 1844. At a distance of many miles, the rolling and tumbling of huge boulders can be heard as they are carried along by the rapid current. In the lowlands there are several small Indian villages along its course, where large bands of wild hogs roam through the forests. The river is crossed in several places, by bridges built entirely of vines, woven into huge cables, which are stretched across from giant trees at each end. The tropical jungle is alive with parrots, paraquets and many varieties of monkeys, one is a species of the chimpanzee. At its mouth the river is many miles wide, and forms a lagoon where thousands of alligators bask in the sun—River-dogs spoken of, are also called Sea Otters.

TO JAMES WOODS

On his departure from San Francisco giving up the management,
 St. Francis Hotel.

It comes to me—a tragedy to-day,
 Perhaps the last of many I have met.
 But all associations pass away:
 And bring regret.
 So I must say—reluctantly, Good-by,
 As I have said good-by, to things most dear,
 And voice my sorrow with a smothered sigh,
 Or silent tear.
 I feel to-day a sense of deep unrest,
 The sunshine sheds a colder ray;
 As when the twilight deepens in the west,
 At close of day.
 Although 'twas seldom that I saw your face,
 The feeling of your presence always near,
 Seemed in my heart, to ever fill a place;
 Now lone and drear.
 As one with fear who bides the hour of fate,
 I sadly count the days when you will go.
 For then my love for this fair Golden State,
 Will cease to glow.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

It stood near a marsh on the old cross-road,
 Shunned by all, for tradition said,
 That this wreck, which was once a human abode,
 Was visited nightly by ghost's of the dead.

In early days 'twas a robber's den,
 Under the guise of a wayside inn,
 And a story ran, that bones of men,
 Were found in the cellar under a bin.

And many who passed there late at night,
 Had seen and heard such sights and sounds,
 That they took to their heels in instant flight,
 And uncanny story's went the rounds.

Some said, blue lights through the broken roof,
 And at every shattered casement burned,
 And they heard the clatter of satan's hoof,
 With screams of victims, twisted and spurned.

I remember the fear that story roused;
 In my breast, as a lad then nine years old,
 And often at dusk, as I drove home the cows,
 When passing that house, my blood ran cold.

Fifty years have passed, and nothing remains,
 Of that haunted house of my boyhood day,
 On the spot, stands a depot, and nightly trains,
 Long since have frightened the ghosts away.

AN OLD FISH STORY IN RHYME

At Carnarsie a man was fishing one day,
 Who lived in a bungalow not far away,
 There was never a fish in river or sea,
 That this man did not know from A to Z,

And as he leisurely spat on his bait,
To me this strange story he did relate.
"I was fishing one day some years ago,
And the name of the place was Lake Tahoe.

Such swarms of trout I never had seen,
They were close together as holes in a screen,
And so hungry—the beggars like tigers fought,
Just for the first chance of being caught.

One day as a watch from my pocket I drew,
Away a small piece of green paper flew,
Rolled up in a wad—'Twas a new dollar bill,
And one of those trout gulped it down like a pill.

Before it had time on the water to float,
The fellow had tucked it away down his throat.
Now that little incident soon slipped my mind,
Until the next day—when I made a queer find.

I was cleaning a fish I had caught, when inside;
Now stranger, what do you think I espied?
"Why your lost dollar bill, of course," I said,
And a reminiscent smile o'er his countenance spread;
As he answered, "No friend, your guess is too rash,
'Twas a plug of terbacker and ninety cents cash.

A FANTASY

In Portsmouth Square, San Francisco.

Upon a bench in Portsmouth Square,
I often saw an aged man,
With long and unkempt grizzled hair,
And as I passed, his vacant stare,

Seemed pleading for some soul to share,
 With him, the story of life's ban.

At last, one day, I sought to know,
 What always kept him sitting there,
 With such a look of pain and woe,
 And such a load of seeming care.

Approaching in a careless way,
 I passed with him the time of day.
 My first word seemed to break his spell,
 For straightway he began to tell,
 How he left home in forty-four,
 And started for this western shore.
 He led me slowly on the way,
 From Syracuse to Albany,
 Bare-foot and lone, without a cent,
 And days in every town he spent,
 And everything that there befell,
 In detail, he to me did tell.

The afternoon wore on apace,
 While we the journey long did trace,
 The sun went down, and darkness fell,
 When he had just begun to tell,
 About Missouri, and Saint Jo,
 I made an effort then to go,
 For I had long O'er stayed my time,
 A distant tower clock striking nine,
 Reminded me, I'd promised Kate,
 To be at home at half past eight.

I waited for the man to pause,
 But he defied all natural laws,
 Kept traveling westward, on and on,
 Still not one half the distance done,
 That we must go to reach the time,
 He first came here in forty-nine.

I knew to stay and cross the plains,
 Would take at least another day,
 And then the desert's pathless way,
 How could I ever cross with him?
 At last I staggered to my feet,
 Determined that I must retreat.

A midnight bell began to toll,
 And then I knew he was a ghoul.
 For as I turned away my face,
 The old man faded into space,
 And there I found myself alone;
 Chilled by the night air, to the bone.

Then homeward, in a daze, I went,
 The next day—and the next—I spent,
 Trying again to find my friend,
 And listen to his story's end,
 But he had gone, it seemed for good,
 No doubt he saw, that while I stood;
 Impatient, with his progress slow,
 That I was wishing he would go,
 And vanished in this manner curt,
 Because his feelings had been hurt.

For many days I searched that square,
 To find the man so often there,
 But all my efforts were in vain,
 I never saw his face again.
 But since then, I have heard it said,
 The man I met had long been dead,
 Was but a phantom of those times,
 The early days, when golden mines,
 With romance filled the very air,
 Around that old historic square.

Where often now on summer days,
 Some Argonaut they tell me, strays,
 Back from a long forgotten rest,
 To visit scenes he loved the best,

And the strange story's he may tell,
Are history, and truth as well,
In which the Pioneers did share,
In forty-nine, 'round Portsmouth Square.

A HARBINGER OF DEATH

What is it fills the midnight air,
With a fearsome ominous sound,
As if some restless spirit were there,
And the burthen of its soul would bare
Through the dolorous shriek of the hound.

What is it he voices in that cry,
So uncanny at night to the ear?
Is it a herald of death; passing by,
Reminding the world, that all must die,
And clouding the heart with fear.

On the morrow, sad news is sure to come,
Of some who have gone to rest.
And the tolling midnight bell has begun,
A requiem dirge, for the day that is done.
And a Most unwelcome guest.

A HOTEL REMINISCENCE

I'll spin you a yarn of what once befell,
When I was a boy in the Grand Hotel,
It was forty-five years ago, and more,
Just after the close of the Civil War.

And all the money was paper then,
Not even a five cent piece or ten.
And the name of the clerk—We'll call him Hank,
Had a money drawer that he called his bank.

There was just fifty dollars there in bills,
 The usual amount for hotel tills,
 And the other clerk had a drawer of his own,
 So each man managed his cash alone.

Now I'll tell you what happened to Hank one day,
 His cash was short in a very strange way,
 Before going out, his bank he did count,
 And returning at night, found a less amount.

It was short only eighty or ninety cents,
 So he made no fuss in consequence,
 Still he said—for his life he could not see,
 How the cash could depart, and only one key.

And the next day his cash was short some more,
 For a dollar bill had been taken, he swore,
 Then his fellow clerk in angry tone,
 Said, the office had never been left alone.

Well, this went on for several days more,
 And Hank's cash was short each day, as before,
 His remarks insulted the other clerk so,
 That he kicked up a terrible hull-a-balo.

He said Hank was crazy, and called him a liar,
 And consigned him forever to eternal fire,
 But Hank kept advancing the same old idea,
 That it never could happen, with only one key.

So from that day on there was never peace,
 And all friendly greetings at once did cease,
 And when Hank packed up, and at last went away,
 None offered a hand, or a good-by would say.

But it all came to light in the following fall,
 When, from under the counter, one day rolled a ball,
 It was easy to see it had once been good money,
 On one scrap, we could read "Legal Tender"—how funny

And it must have been tender, the way it was chewed,
 For the bits were so small they could never be glued,
 And I still have to laugh, whenever I tell,
 How a mouse caused that row in the Grand Hotel.

But it taught me a lesson, I've never forgot,
 Don't form quick conclusions, at once on the spot,
 Sometimes you feel sure, but you never can tell,
 Remember that mouse in the Grand Hotel.

THE SCOTLAND LIGHT

From Manhattan Beach

Far out on the ocean, where Rockaway point,
 Stretches westward toward Sandy Hook Bar,
 I see the twinkling Scotland-light,
 Like a lonely and distant star.
 And the sullen roar of the Romer Shoals,
 Like a sad weird dirge from the land of souls,
 Is bourne O'er the wild waves to-night.

THE COURSE OF TIME

We cannot stay the wheels of time,
 That from the cradle to the grave,
 Move on with slow and solemn rhyme,
 While some are free, and some are slave,
 The future none may ever know,
 It looms with an uncertain glow,
 Impatience marks the sluggish flow,
 Of years that come, and years that go,
 That in their ever constant roll,
 Point to that mystery—the soul.
 The great beyond is just as near,
 But to our vision no more clear,
 To-day—than in the world's first year.

A GREETING TO KEATING

Welcome to-night old comrade,
From the sunny Golden State
Where flowers are ever blooming,
And Spring is never late.

And sounds of midnight revelry,
Unheard in other lands,
At Powell street and O'Farrell,
Emanate from Coffee Dan's.

In that well remembered sanctum,
I was often wont to dine,
So the banquet of this evening
Seems to me—surpassing fine.

And with pride beyond expression,
I join dear friends in greeting,
With hearts like California weather,
Our old time friend—Tom Keating.

NOTE—Read at a dinner, tendered to Thomas P. Keating. Manager of the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco. By James Woods, of the Belmont, New York City, April 9th, Nineteen Nineteen.

TO COSTA RICA, C. A.

I

“Rich coast” thy name in English is,
All Nature seems to vie in thee,
The elements assembled gives,
Fierce contest for the ascendancy.
Both east and west thy ample breast,
Withstands the oceans vain endeavor;
To mount thy summer lands of palm,
Guarded by cloud tipped barriers grand.
Where sentinel watch fires burn forever.*

* Three Volcanoes, Turrialba, Irazu and Poaz.

II

How grandly did Lord Byron sing;
 Of Greece, but living Greece no more,
 Oh! could his ear have heard the ring,
 Of ocean on thy verdant shore:
 Could he have seen the mystic sheen,
 Like curtains o'er thy mountains hung,
 Could he have stood where now I stand,
 And viewed this scene of all most grand,
 Thy praises all the world had sung.

III

Still time shall do thee justice yet,
 Thou land of streams and forest's wild,
 The rain thy idle beauties wet,
 In years to come shall make thee smile.
 For thou shalt bloom as roses bloom,
 The Scriptural promise to fulfill,
 And where the tiger howls to-day,
 Along thy river's lonely way,
 Shall sound the clatter of the mill.

IV

In many a dell where weeds grow rank,
 And serpents in the sunshine bask,
 In days to come the engine's crank,
 Will lighten labor's daily task.
 And notes shall swell from village bell,
 While willing feet shall go and come,
 And where the tree snake sleeps tonight,
 Will gleam in upper windows bright,
 The lights of many a happy home.

V

And when the present joins the past,
 And all these forest's wild are farms,
 Will any thought be backward cast?
 Will songs of now have any charms?

Some eye perchance, on this may glance,
On this, that I have written here,
The picture of a time to be,
And in it but faint shadows see,
Of that beyond the present sphere.

VI

We view the past in colors fast,
But e'en for this conception's blind,
For what's to come is grandly vast,
For comprehension too sublime.
We dream we see what is to be
But short indeed is foresight all,
The brightness blinds our mortal eyes,
Imagination can not rise,
Above the future's wall.

VII

The past, with wonder, is sublime,
The present—none may comprehend,
The future in itself will find,
A future still without an end.
We do not reck the presents beck,
But fancy vainly strives to climb,
The past is all we have of knowing,
The present—all we have of showing,
But Ah! the future is divine.

VIII

'Twas Gulliver who told the tale,
About a man who blew a horn,
The blast of which, a wintry gale,
Froze as it sounded on the morn.
Now, that in sooth was not a truth,
But here's a truth that beats that fiction,
For Edison with his Phonograph,
Can catch and hold a shout or laugh,
With metal plates and friction.

IX

When Franklin's key the lightning caught,
 Think you, he had the slightest dream,
 Of wonders that have since been wrought,
 Without a kite in skies serene.
 Did Morse foresee what was to be?
 Can Bell foretell what is to come?
 Returns this answer as I ask—
 There is no human thought forecast,
 But in the future is out-done.

X

And so, fair land, of prospects grand,
 There is in song or word no power,
 No thought—the present may command,
 That can bespeak thy future dower.
 Thy everglades and mountain shades,
 A better song than mine shall fill,
 For other bards will sing thy praise,
 In grander, sweeter, nobler lays,
 When mine have gone with Jack and Jill.

San Jose, Costa Rica, 1893.

THE STORY OF JOHN DOE

One cold and stormy winter day,
 Some thirty years ago,
 I landed in Chicago,
 From sunny Mexico.

And this was how I met my friend,
 The well known Richard Roe,
 And junior partner of our firm,
 In every town you go.

I went into the Palmer House,
 And there engaged a room,
 Registered John Doe—Denver;
 Which was a nom-de-plume.

I met a man on State street,
 Who called me by the name,
 And said, that back in Denver;
 He had read about my fame.

On every calender of the court
 I seemed to hold first place,
 And he recognized me, as the man,
 As soon as he saw my face.

Somehow I couldn't place the man,
 But still, he played his part,
 In such a charming manner,
 That I took him to my heart.

I told him frankly—I could see;
 In him, keen business tact,
 And that I meant to raise him up,
 And place him on the track.

So at once we grew quite chummy,
 Then he asked me for a loan,
 But my answer was so formal,
 That it chilled him to the bone.

And when I slapped him on the back,
 And said—The same old game;
 Is your present occupation;
 He looked hard at me again.

I saw in him a puzzled stare,
 Of mixed distrust and fear,
 As, with finger in my button-hole,
 He whispered in my ear.

"Old boy—if I mistake not,
 You too—are on the con,
 So I am doubly anxious,
 To learn what you have on."

Well, I said, I'm not from Denver,
 But on me be all the blame,
 For Mister I have lied to you,
 To help your little game.

And the name John Doe, is also fake,
 For I am Nimrod Dane,
 And they call me Uncle Nimmie,
 Where I dwell in Bangor, Maine.

I'm deacon in the Baptist church,
 And president of two banks,
 So my record down at Bangor,
 Every other far outranks.

I just came up from Mexico,
 Where I go to push the queer,
 And Doe is what I call myself,
 Whenever I stop here.

I sometimes deal the red and black,
 But my best lay is stock,
 And much of this I sell at home,
 To members of my flock.

Said Roe, "I understand you now,
 Our interests are the same,
 And I can run the Southern end,
 While you stay up in Maine."

Your stock of moral character,
 Will win to beat the band,
 Through the Baptist church at Bangor,
 And oil fields at Mazetland.

And our greatest business assets,
 Will be the church and banks,
 For the best Speak-easy clients,
 Will be found among the Yanks.

I am with you, and I promise,
 No matter win or fail,
 John Doe and Richard Roe;
 Will never spend a day in jail.

Then he got enthusiastic,
 And disclosed to me his scheme,
 For a wonderous imitation,
 Of the money called long-green.

But at last we came together,
 Dropped all but real estate,
 And since that day, Dick Roe has been
 My constant running mate.

And I've always loved the fellow,
 Though his plans were sometimes raw,
 Still they always saved our clients,
 From the hard hand of the law.

And when none appear to answer,
 The firm of Doe and Roe,
 Have always faced the music,
 In every court you go.

HOTEL DIPLOMACY

Keep a weather eye out, for the man with a pull
 For he is a dangerous fellow to meet,
 Though he may be a crook—or a drunk that is full,
 Still, your actions with him—must be very discreet.

Because if he chooses to lodge a complaint,
 That you have not used him with proper decorum,
 His story 'oft goes like the words of a saint,
 And you will be called to account at the forum.

And there like a convicted felon you'll stand,
 And say—you are sorry that you were a fool,
 And the chances are twenty to one, you'll be canned,
 For making a man with a pull—mind a rule.

So beware, Oh beware; of the man with a pull,
 If he tells you, that he is a friend of your Bosses,
 Let him have what he will—Though sober, or full,
 And charge—to diplomacy—profit and losses.

KULTUR MEAL

The great Kaiser Wilhelm a record has made,
 Which has put all the criminals of time in the shade,
 And the feasts of the Cannibal Isles are outdone,
 By this greatest barbarian cannibal Hun.

The Pirates of old, did no murders so mean;
 And cowardly, as those the U. Submarine.
 When they boarded a ship, they expected a blow,
 But were valliant enough, their faces to show.

Their deeds had a purpose, more noble than rage,
 And they sometimes had pity for sex or for age,
 They did not chop off the hands of a child,
 Whose father they murdered or mother defiled.

They did not burn Hospitals, Churches and Schools,
 Like this Kaiser who works with his infernal tools,
 And has brought foul disgrace on the whole German Nation,
 Until they're abhorred by the rest of creation.

When the Fatherland soldiers are killed in the trenches,
 Their bodies are not left to rot, and make stench,
 For they bundle them up in parcels, with wire,
 And send them in car-loads back to a fire.

And there every ounce of fat they contain;
 Is cooked out, until only the cracklins remain.
 And these at last are ground in a mill,
 And sold to the farmers to mix with their swill.

Which in turn is fed to the lean German swine,
 To make food for the men in the battle line,
 So in every great loss, there is still a large gain,
 For it all comes back to the army again.

Yes! It all comes back to the army again,
 But it leaves a blot on the German name,
 A nasty—gruesome—uncanny spot,
 That in this world, can ne'er be forgot.

In science and "Kultur" the Hun's are ahead,
 They cannot be starved, while the live eat the dead,
 But their Kaiser King, is a pirate bold,
 And when he is caught, and the story told.

History will only record his name,
 In words of loathing, dishonor and shame,
 And the verdict of all mankind will be,
 A Felon, who should have been hanged on a tree.

Suggested on reading an article in the Literary Digest V. I. Z.
 "The dead German soldiers are packed up in bundles three and
 four together, loaded on cars and taken to a furnace in the rear,
 and after all the grease has been extracted, the bodies are ground
 into a meal, called (Cadaver Meal). In proof of this the paper
 printed advertisements, taken from German papers, in which
 this awful stuff was recommended for hog feed, and price quoted
 at about twenty-six dollars per ton.

IN MEMORIAM
MATTHIAS B. SYNDER

Prelude

A solemn hush pervades our hearts to-day,
The drop is down—and finished is the play.

How sadly strange that he has left Earth's stage,
This wond'rous, kindly man of sterling parts;
He did not feel the withered hand of age,
But lived within a thousand loving hearts.

The drop is down—a sable pall to-night,
That hides his golden exit from our sphere,
His entrances are now in realms of light,
For all in all—of men he was the peer.

NOTE.—It was my good fortune to have met this kindly old patriarch of the stage, and his warm and friendly, "Good Morning," will be a cherished memory.—BEN KEITH.

THE STORM

While I view the mighty Pacific to-day,
With grandeur and awe, its moods divide,
As they savagely tear the beach away,
And spread destruction on every side.

As the waves come surging against the shore,
Like wild, mad creatures that thirst for gore,
And would rend, in their anger, all before.
Beating the rocks in a mindless rage;
Or like serpents gliding, a spring to gage.
Or lions restlessly pacing a cage;
Then receding again, with a sullen roar.

Oh! There's something grand, and weird as well,
 In this power that no mortal hand can stay;
 In this onward rush of the ocean's swell,
 In this turmoil of winds and waves to-day.

And the white gulls far aloft in the sky,
 Like spectral messengers standing by;
 Seem waiting some ominous feast to try.
 As o'er scenes of carnage—birds of prey;
 Hover—but do not seem to fly.

While all nature gloomily watches the fray,
 Of this awful war of the surf and spray.

In this tumult to-day of the waves and wind,
 There is something weird and uncanny as well,
 That savors of monsters tortured and blind,
 That roll and rave, in the flames of hell.

At the Cliff House, San Francisco,
 August 11th, 1913.

THE PRISONER'S STORY

"You ask me how I got here in jail,
 So mister, I'll tell you my little tale.
 Now, I never in my hull life saw,
 Sich a durned mean man as old Hank Shaw.

He was allus inventin' some new macheen,
 To cut out gas or water or steam,
 An many's the time he sed to me
 Now, Jim, jest give me some new idee.

I don't keer what the thing may be,
 I'll work it out—jest leave it to me.
 He told me about a plan as how,
 Milk could be made, without no cow.

An he sed some chap up in Michagen,
 Was makin fresh eggs, without no hen,
 And he sed the time want fer away,
 When some good thing would come his way.

Wal, at last he comes to me one day,
 And talked in a confident sort of way,
 He whispered a secret or two in my ear,
 He'd discovered a way to fortun clear.

If he jest had the cash to build a macheen,
 We could turn out millions, slick and clean.
 Wal, I hed five hundred in cash laid away,
 Fer a nice nest egg on some rainy day.

An when Hank tole me he knew a way;
 To turn old lead to silver—say!
 I rushed wild like to the village bank,
 An tuk my money rite home to Hank.

He sed es soon es the macheen was done,
 He'd pay me back with the very fust run,
 An it warn't long afore that fust run came,
 An they run me here fer his little game.

Fer they found in Hank's room a plaster mold,
 Where lead hed ben turned into silver cold,
 An Hank he'd skipt—Now can't you see?
 An left all his traps addressed to me.
 An the Jedge give me the extent of the law,
 Fer bein mixed up with old Hank Shaw.

A HOTEL INCIDENT A TRUE STORY

There was an old Yankee who kept a hotel,
 And the only thought that he had for his guests,
 Was of how their weekly bills he might swell,
 While he packed their money away in his chests.

His favorite scheme to accomplish this end,
 Was to double some order whenever they'd dine,
 If a pint of claret was served, he would send,
 A bill made out, for a quart of wine.

One day a guest in room seven-five-nine,
 Found a novel way to air his trouble,
 Six times that week he had ordered wine,
 And the bill sent up showed the quantity double.

He sent for the landlord to come to his room,
 And asked him to pack a small suit-case,
 But was haughtily told—that the porter soon;
 Would pack the bag—as 'twas his place.

“No, no,” urged the guest, “your porter won’t do,
 I have tried in vain to pack all in this bag,
 But if any man living can do it, ’tis you,
 I am sure you can put away every last rag.”

Said the landlord, “How can you think for a minute,
 That such an impossible thing I can do,
 Why, no one could ever get half your duds in it,
 Now tell me—why I could get more in than you?”

And the guest said at once, “The pleasure is mine,
 Although I am not quite sure that you know it,
 In a pint bottle, you put a full quart of wine,
 And here is a bill that you sent me to show it.”

THOUGHTS ON VIEWING THE U. S. MINT SAN FRANCISCO

Oh! building where they make the money,
 Where double eagles brightly shine,
 How fondly ’oft I gaze upon thee,
 And wish thy treasures only mine.

And then I count my twenty nickels,
 And look aloft among the stars,
 And dream and dream—Oh! house of money,
 Of all thy heavy glittering bars.

At length I feel a sad misgiving,
 For, house of money well I know it,
 Thou art not there for such as I,
 An idle, dreaming hungry poet.

AN EPISODE IN RHYME

One night at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel,
 A young millionaire was raising blue h—l,
 He had started a river of Mumm's Extra Dry,
 And a score of his henchmen were all standing by,
 When at once in a voice of command he exclaimed,
 "Ho waiter, take back this dam'd rotten champagne."

The waiter was turning first yellow, then blue,
 When Oscar, the head waiter, came into view.
 Great Caesar and zounds! he hollered with zest,
 "The Waldorf Astoria serves only the best.
 How dare you find fault with what you get here?
 Ach Himmel! your kultur and taste are for beer.

Then up rose the guest who had caused all this row,
 And Oscar acknowledged his right with a bow,
 And, taking the bottle from Gravermeyr's hand;
 For he was the Prince who was doing the grand,
 Oscar hurried away and found Mr. Boldt,
 And the news of the trouble, gave him a great jolt.

"Well, Oscar," said Boldt, "Is the wine really flat?"
 "Nay, nay!" answered Oscar, "The man is a rat,
 I would send our detective, and give him the run.
 To find fault with our wine, sir, this man is a bum."
 "No, Oscar. The man is a poor erring brother,
 Send the wine to the kitchen and give him another."

And soon a fresh bottle went off with a pop,
 And again Mr. Gravermeyer said it was slop.
 Then Oscar went back in high dudgeon to Boldt,
 And swore if the thing went on, he would revolt.
 But Mr. Boldt said, with a very sad look,
 "Oscar, give him another, send that to the cook."

And this scene was repeated again and again,
 And Gravermeyer's grafters said "He knows Champaigne."
 And he often came back, and night after night,
 With oceans of booze, kept up a great fight,
 And Mr. Boldt smilingly said, "It is well,
 To sometimes let jackasses run the hotel."

Now Gravermeyer's ducats made heavy the till,
 For ten thousand dollars was often the bill,
 And Mr. Boldt often to Oscar would say,
 "This all comes from letting folks have their own way,
 If they say a things bad Oscar, give them another,
 Their money is good, so our pride we should smother,
 We cannot afford to let such chances slip,
 So carry them gently around on a chip."

"THIS IS A LITTLE WORLD"

Thoughts on reading the following in a Newspaper.

As I sit and watch the wintry blasts,
 Pile snow 'gainst the window pane,
 I dream of the tropical summer lands,
 Where never a snow flake came.

While it's zero weather in New York,
 It is like July days at Colon,
 And only a distance of four thousand miles,
 Proves the topic true of this song.

'Tis a little, little world, indeed,
 And it spins around with wonderous speed
 And rear-end collisions we do not heed,
 As these words in the papers we often read,
 "What a little world it is indeed."

NOTE.—This is a little World indeed. Anon we meet in some dark far off corner; the unexpected, and things we left so many leagues behind, loom suddenly above the horizon ahead, and meet us face to face, and oftentimes bar the way that we would go, and seem to hinder or promote success. The world is round, and in this age of speed, what seems coincidence, is oftentimes but collision, and our poor mortal minds cry out, "How strange, how strange, this is a little, little world, how strange."

DEXTER'S REPLY

In a little village among the hills,
 That down to the lordly Hudson slope,
 Once lived a man so beset by ills,
 That redress by law seemed his only hope.

For a neighbor's swine, in his fields did break,
 From the highway, where they were turned at large,
 And day after day, did such havoc make,
 That at last he went to Lawyer Le Farge.

A summons at once was taken out,
 And served on the owner of the pigs,
 Requesting his appearance before Justice Prout,
 To answer complaint of John L. Briggs.

On the day that the case was set for trial,
 All the village turned out in its usual way,
 The farmers came in from many a mile,
 And the suit seemed to brook of no delay.

At last it was called, and proceedings commenced,
 Deacon Dexter sat in the witness chair,
 Old Ives, the lawyer for the defence,
 Was eyeing him with an exulting air.

Long years these men had lived in hate,
 And now it seemed that the hour had come,
 In which old Ives his ire might sate;
 All thought, the Deacon would be undone.

He swore that while passing the land of Briggs,
 In a field of corn, voraciously feeding,
 He had seen a herd of defendant's pigs.
 The prosecution no further evidence needing.

Their lawyer said, "That's all—you may go,"
 Dexter slowly arose, and left the chair,
 Two steps had taken, when Ives yelled, "No;
 One moment, witness—stand where you are."

"Now witness, remember that you are on oath,
And I want you to try and truthfully say,
Of hogs or pigs, the exact number of both,
That you swore you saw in the field that day."

The voice of old Ives was aggressive and loud,
As again he repeated with emphasis strong;
His hard bitter tones many men had cowed,
But this time, his calculations were wrong.

For the Deacon smiled as he leisurely asked,
"You require the exact number,
Wal—three and a half, at the time I passed,
Was in the field—that was the number.

The audience shouted loud and long,
Which awoke Justice Prout, who was soundly sleeping,
Screamed Ives, "Your Honor—'tis highly wrong,
You should put that man in the Sheriff's keeping."

"What is wrong," asked the Justice with puzzled look,
And again the spectators raised a loud laugh,
As again the question to Dexter was put,
And the quick answer came, "Three hogs and a half."

Ives foamed with rage, like an angry bull,
"Your Honor, roared he, has it come to this,
That a dunce may the ears of justice pull,
And insult the Court with words remiss."

"'Tis your duty as guardian of the law,
To make this fellow its majesty feel,
Three months in jail would awaken his awe,
And in his breast might some truth congeal."

But Justice Prout was a wheelwright by trade,
And of law he did not know a great deal,
And to punish the witness, he felt afraid,
For the Deacon warned him—he would appeal.

"Your Honor," he said, the answer I gave;
 Three hogs and a half, is correct to the letter,
 And I warn you, Judge, and his tones were grave,
 If you lock me up, next time you'll know better.

Many times Justice Prout asked the question again,
 In the hope that the Deacon might alter his course,
 He lectured, and warned him, and threatened in vain,
 But each time the answer, made matters still worse.

At last the Justice dropped banter and threats,
 And assumed a more neighborly way to persue,
 He appealed to Dexter, as old friends and vets,
 Not to hold up proceedings, but tell what he knew.

Said the Justice—"Now Dexter, in the name of sense;
 How could you see the half of a hog?
 Quoth Dexter—"The fellow was stuck in the fence,
 In the field there were three, and one half of this hog."

Many years have passed, and all are gone,
 The Justice—the Deacon—the lawyer—old Ives.
 But the laugh that day was loud and long,
 And these lines still echo Dexter's replies.

MORNING DREAMS

In the gray light, of morning's first appearing,
 When birds, with songs the waking world are cheering,
 How sweet it is, again to leave the real,
 And into dreamland's mystic realm steal.
 For one short hour forgetting present care,
 Relieved of burthens waking hours must bear,
 Sub-conscious of some happy day in life,
 So filled with love, and free from worldly strife,
 That all things, that we see, or feel, or know,
 Seem golden tinted, by the heavenly glow.

So welcome sweet restorer, sleep so bland,
 I close my eyes, and seek thy wonder land,
 For there, loved forms of childhood days appear,
 And voices once familiar, greet the ear,
 And from the past, come angel faces sweet,
 While memory echoes sounds of vanished feet.
 And from the pictured walls, a radiant glow,
 Shines forth from eyes, that faded years ago,

And o'er my spirit sheds the soothing rays,
 Of sunshine, from the light of other days.
 Sweet is the past, that with the present blends,
 Recalling words of dear departed friends,
 What years of joy, or sadness, memory's power;
 Can oft recall, and live in one short hour.
 Bright are the golden jewel's in its keeping,
 But ever brighter in the hours of sleeping,
 For naught there is—in waking moments seems,
 Possessed of half the pleasure of our dreams.
 So welcome sweet restorer, sleep so bland.
 I close my eyes, and court thy wonderland,
 In which loved forms, and faces, reappear,
 And voices once familiar, greet the ear.

THE CATSKILL CORNET BAND

I haint fergot the fust brass band;
That ever I heerd play,
Fer them tunes is ringing in my ears,
As loud and clear to-day.

I thought the man that played the drum;
Was greatest of them all,
For he also played the cymbals too,
And he was six foot tall.

The occasion was our county fair,
And on the openin day,
The Catskill Cornet Band, came there;
An three long days did stay.

I've heered all kinds of music played,
Sense I fust heer'd that band,
But nothin's ever hit my ear,
At sounded half so grand.

The tunes they played, as I have sed,
Will never be forgotten,
"In Dixie's land I'll take my stand,
Away down in the land of cotton."

An "Rally round the flag" they played,
An "Darlin Nellie Gray,"
But "Yankee Doodle" was the tune,
Thet carried me away.

An "Jest before the battle mother,"
Is one I can't ferget,
An "In the prison cell I sit,"
Fer here all eyes grew wet.

Well that was forty year an more,
 But I kin truly say,
 Them tunes all hit my tender spot,
 An stick there still to-day.

An when I hear some folks a braggin,
 About them opreys grand,
 I jest start in and have my say,
 About that Catskill Band.

Fer the way they blowed them tunes out,
 Makes all others seem forlorn,
 An their like we'll never hear again,
 Tel Gabrel blows his horn.

TRANSFORMED TO SUIT THE AGE

Great Shakespeare said "That in men's lives, the evil that
 they do,
 Is buried with them when they die, from mortal ken or view,
 And that the good deeds they have wrought, still live, when
 they are gone,"
 This is a pretty sentiment, but worded somewhat wrong.

The evil deeds men do in life, not in their cold graves—*lie*,
 But are transformed by eulogy, and charm the ear and eye.
 Especially if the absent one, left riches predatory,
 Then straightway does the daily press, commence to sound
 his glory.

And every day discoveries new—are printed far and wide,
 Of virtues that the World Ne'er knew, were his, until he died.
 Oh; golden tinted whitewash brush, your coloring is so bright,
 Oft malefactors of great wealth, seem hallowed by your light.

THOUGHTS ON SEEING FOUR STEAMERS, BOUND
FOR EUROPE CROSSING THE SANDY HOOK
BAR, AUGUST 11th, 1883

I am watching the ships steaming out today,
As they cross the Sandy Hook Bar,
Crowded with passengers on their way,
To countries strange and far.

And in fancy I seem to read each mind,
As they gaze toward the fading shore,
Some are praying for those left behind,
Whose lips they may press never-more.

And others are longingly thinking of friends,
Parted by distance and years,
Whom they hope to meet when the voyage ends,
Still their eyes are dimmed by tears.

And some there may be on those ships to-day,
With no home ties of love that bind,
With hearts that are hopelessly sailing away,
Some unmarked grave to find.

God pity such ones, if any there be,
With no hope that love may share,
No grave is too lone, or deep in the sea,
To hide such utter despair.

DOWN IN TEXAS

A man was found the other day,
Shot full of holes with lead,
It's hardly worth the while to say,
The fellow was stone dead.

His pockets all were inside out,
His watch and chain were gone,
A Coroner came all doubt to scout,
And brought twelve men along.

And after due deliberation,
The cause of death, they said,
Was, "Over-excitement, which occasioned,
A hemorrhage of the head."

THOMAS STARR KING

Oh! great Fore-warrior of a mighty state,
Thy resting place, is most appropriate.
Close in the shadow of God's house of prayer,
Still near a city's busy thoroughfare.

So near that all who pass may plainly see,
Thy monument of snow white purity.
Though dead, thy words and deeds forever live,
And thoughts still grand, thy name on marble give.

Thy path was ever that where duty ran,
Close to thy God, and to thy fellowman,
And fit indeed, is this, thy place of rest,
Who led the infant footsteps of the West.

Through the dark days when civil war was rife,
That threatened both the state and nation's life,
Fearless thy voice was raised, midst faction's bitter fray,
Calmly thou sleepest now, revered by all to-day.

NOTE.—The grave of Thos. Starr King is near the entrance of the First Unitarian Church, corner of Geary and Franklin Streets, in the city of San Francisco, California.

BELGIUM

Belgium the land most noble and true,
 The whole world loves you to-day,
 When the Kaiser asked you to let him pass through
 Your prompt answer was—Nay nay.

His base proposal—your faith to break,
 Found not a place in your honest heart,
 The reply was—For God and humanity's sake
 We have pledged our word and cannot depart.

God bless you, dear little home of the brave,
 To the end of time your name shall be great,
 You sacrificed all, your honor to save,
 And we love, while we deplore your fate.

MEIGGS WHARF—SAN FRANCISCO

Built by "Honest Harry Meiggs," about 1850

Three score of years have passed away,
 And still the name remains to-day.
 A new wharf, has the old replaced,
 But time has not the name effaced,
 And few who view the place to-day,
 Know aught about its history,
 Nor of the man whose name it bears,
 Who still a page in history shares.

An Argonaut of sterling fame,
 Men prefixed honest, to his name,
 The story sounds quite strange to-day,
 Of how he sent back gold to pay;
 All obligations—and old debts,
 With compound interest, and regrets.

And just across from Alcatraz,
 Where ships of every nation pass
 His monument will ever stay,
 Meiggs Wharf, on San Francisco bay.

A REMINISCENCE OF ARIZONA

The night was dark—the moon at times;
Was seen through spaces twixt the clouds,
And while to-day I pen these lines;
How memory still with romance crowds.

We were three friends, that dreary night,
For dreary night we deemed it then,
How strange that now those scenes seem bright,
But distance does enchantment lend.

All day our path o'er mountains lay,
And rain had drenched us to the skin;
We thought our cabin miles away,
And hunger now was rife within.

But all things come to those who wait,
And we had lost our way that night,
So it seemed best at any rate;
To wait until the morning light.

We halted and made camp right there,
Unpacked our blankets, grub and tools,
For there was grass; and grass to spare,
For our three horses and the mules.

And brush grew plenty all around,
Both sage and manzanita high,
But all was wet as was the ground,
So search was made for fuel dry.

After much groping in the dark,
In quest of firewood that was dry,
At last we stripped the inner bark,
From an old log that lay near by.

And soon with this a blaze was made;
By dint of powder and a gun,
While over all some brush was laid,
And soon a fire was well begun.

With steaming clothes we all drew near,
 How warm and grateful seemed the glow,
 As upward shot that light of cheer,
 Ah! that was years and years ago.

Still dear to memory are those gleams,
 For there two faces come and go,
 My eyes shall only see in dreams,
 In happy dreams of long ago.

We spread our blankets on the ground,
 And then on stick with sharpened end,
 Broiled strips of bacon crisp and brown,
 And song and story there did blend.

Drury, the eldest of us all,
 Had seen long years of frontier life,
 And strange experience could recall,
 Of rustler raids and Indian strife.

In carly days with General Crook,
 He served as an enlisted man,
 But soon was detailed as a cook,
 And lived in camp with the command.

And many a funny tale could tell,
 And wild adventure too with Crook,
 And all that in those days befel,
 If written down would make a book.

And so that night his facile tongue,
 A panorama seemed to draw;
 We saw the Lynchlaws victim hung,
 And stage coach plundered by outlaw.

And in a thicket near our fire,
 The rain drops glistened Indian eyes,
 As tales were told of murders dire,
 Of burning ranch and woman's cries.

And all forgotten was the present,
 As tents were pitched in valleys green,
 The haunts of antelope and pheasant,
 Or pack trains crossed some turbid stream.

And when some trail a cliff did scale,
 Where one misstep would mean sure death,
 I saw our comrade's face grow pale,
 While fancy breathed with bated breath.

And all that night our campfire bright,
 Shone ever on some picture new,
 But in the morning's dull gray light,
 There stood our cabin full in view.

Not more than half a mile away,
 While we unhoused, without a bed,
 Had waited for the break of day,
 And thought our cabin miles ahead.

THE RAINY SEASON

With apologies to W. J. Lampton, San Francisco, 1912

I've been here
 Nigh on two year,
 An' no rain,
 Begun to fear,
 It never would rain;
 in Californy again,
 Till one day,
 Geewhiz—say—
 Came such a down-pour,
 Thought it never would stop any more.
 I went right down
 To the biggest store in town,
 Bought two bombashutes
 An' a pair of rubber boots,
 Then I got an oil-skin coat,
 An' now I've bought a boat,
 Geewhiz. I'll never say again
 In Californy there 'aint no rain.
 One thing sure—I know,
 This place 'aint slow
 When they do start in to do a thing,
 Geewhiz—stand from under—bing, bing.

A MEMORY OF ARIZONA

Do you remember that dark night,
We met upon the Verde Trail,
And I was paralised with fright,
Occasioned by a weird wild wail.

Across the canyon to our right,
It seemed to come; and raise my hair,
And I would sure have taken flight,
If your Old Friend had not been there.

And I have never, to this day,
Been able to describe the fear,
When I first heard a Burro bray,
And thought a Mountain Lion near.

I've laughed, 'till I can laugh no more,
Your answer, it was such a dry one,
As I heard that appalling roar,
And asked! "Was that a Mountain Lion."

Your calm reply dispelled all fear,
And made me feel at once quite merry,
"That Mountain Lion that you hear.
Is just a lone Washoe Canary."

NOTE.—The above verses were sent to Mr. F. F. Thomas, San Francisco, Cal., and is a true story, which happened just as I have told it.

TIME SETS ALL THINGS RIGHT

When Columbus was trying to finance his scheme,
And the whole world was winking an eye,
And jeeringly saying, he had a bad dream,
"Time will show," was his only reply.

When Napoleon Bonaparte plunged the whole world,
By his ambitious greed, in wild fears,
The question was asked, "Can his standard be furled."
And was truthfully answered by years.

And when our good Abraham Lincoln was living,
His name caused much widespread derision,
But now time has given—will ever be giving,
More glory—a true, just decision.

So give little heed to the talk of to-day,
Nor grieve what may seem sad neglect,
Remember the most precious diamond's best ray,
Needs a distance and light to reflect.

THE CRAZY MAN

In childhood days we watched a man,
In a house for the county's poor,
In the corner of a large bare room,
He was chained by one leg to the floor.

A little three cornered piece of board,
Was spiked to the wall for a seat,
And a pan made of tin and a wooden spoon,
That they gave him with which to eat.

I can see him still—in fancy to-day,
In that bare and windowless room,
Where only a square of sunshine fell,
Through the open door in the gloom.

He seemed to enjoy our awe and fear,
 That I'm sure he saw in each face,
 While he made believe he was breaking loose,
 And eyed us with sly grimace.

He did not know the sympathy deep,
 That his awful fate inspired,
 For he seemed to feel a little, I think,
 Like a hero, by all admired.

Poor creature, though many years have flown,
 Since our hearts were bruised by his chain,
 That ever and ever in after years,
 Has brought with the memory a pain.

NOTE.—The above lines are descriptive of an insane man, he was young and handsome, and had lost his reason from overstudy.—*Ben. Keith.*

A TWILIGHT REVERIE

In the twilight hours,
 Thoughts of other years,
 As the dew on flowers,
 Fill my eyes with tears.

From the past again,
 Memories come and go
 Like a sad refrain,
 Soft and sweet and low.

Down a shaded lane,
 'Neath the chestnut boughs,
 Oft I see again
 Coming home, the cows.

As in childhood days,
 When our work was done,
 In the lingering rays,
 Of the setting sun.

O'er my weary brain,
Gentle zephyrs blow,
From the past again,
From the long ago.

Pictures of content,
Fill those summer eves,
Smiles from Heaven sent,
To a life that grieves.

THE SEAL ROCKS

The Cliff House, San Francisco

Home of the ocean fowl and seal,
Since time began, your hoary forms;
Have echoed to the thunderous peal,
Of earthquake shock and ocean storms.

Through ages far beyond the ken,
Of mortals who behold to-day,
The waters of the restless sea,
That sweep your cliffs with briny spray,

Grand symbol you have ever been,
Grand monuments must ever stay,
And myriads of unborn men,
Shall love and veneration pay.

No changes of the world or state,
Can rouse the thoughts that you inspire,
Weird sentinels of the Golden Gate,
You beck the soul to something higher.

TO A LIAR

Could I but pen one word to speak,
 My bitterness of heart,
 On friendship's grave, it should be laid
 From memory, apart.

But words are vain indeed, to speak;
 For when I strive to tell,
 Of Thee—Thou worm of base deceit,
 No word will rhyme, but hell.

DECREE OR CHANCE

Never early or never late,
 Looms the light of the coming day,
 Over which the angel fate,
 Rules our lives in a mystic way.

Little we know when the day begins,
 Where the path of the hours may lead,
 Whether to valorous deeds or sins,
 For the sun gives birth to flower and weed.

Here is a question, have we the power,
 To direct our steps in a given way?
 Or are we simply parts of the hour,
 That form the record of every day?

Who can say how much is real,
 Or a part of any ordered plan?
 The result of effort, prayer, or zeal,
 In the little life of little man.

THE PRAYER OF WASHINGTON

He knelt in prayer at Valley Forge,
 For his ragged starving men,
 And at the Trenton ice gorge,
 He cried to God again.

And He whose hand, the Red Sea clave,
 In answer to a prayer,
 Led Washington across the wave,
 Of the ice clad Delaware.

He was God's own appointed one,
 And not a man of chance,
 And to be God's anointed one,
 Was more than circumstance.

Who can believe, that day and night,
 With never failing changes,
 That all the stars in courses right,
 Some accident arranges.

What man can read the history,
 Of this, our Nation grand,
 The unequal strife—of mystery,
 And not see God's strong hand.

Yes, yes! our country's flag to-day,
 Is proof of answered prayer,
 That Washington in faith did say,
 In days of dark despair.

A LA FRANCAISE

A Frenchman went with a friend one day
 To get some lunch at a swell cafe;
 The friend found fault with everything served,
 Until the waiter was quite unnerved.

He abused the waiter in such a way,
 That at last the Frenchman to him did say,
 "Don't be so cross wiz ze waiter, my friend,
 Until we get to ze dinner's end.
 For if you keep on, as sure as ze fates,
 He will go out of sight and spit on ze plates."

THE LURE OF THE SEA

Sometimes when a mist rolls in from the sea,
 I fancy a song of the Mermaid's I hear,
 And the words seem to rhyme, as they come to me,
 In accents soft, and sweet, and clear.
 And their tones seem to blend, in a magic way,
 With the lapsing waves, on the beach at play.

And they seem to say "We are near, quite near,
 Only this silken curtain, hides us from view
 And that is the reason we do not fear,
 To sing, and flirt, for an hour with you."
 And I list to the wonderous tales they tell,
 Of their homes, in some far off ocean dell.

Where there's naught of sorrow, or sin, or care,
 And the soul finds perfect peace, and rest,
 'Till I longingly wish that I was there,
 'Neath the heaving blue, of the ocean's breast.
 But something whispers, my soul to beware,
 Of the Mermaid's fatal, delusive snare.

For the songs they sing are only a lure,
 And their words of love are base deceit,
 As with beautiful hair, and faces so pure,
 They lead to destruction all they meet.
 So beware of the Mermaid's seductive charms,
 And seek not to clasp her form in your arms.

THE NEGLECTED MOTHER

I see a dear old mother,
 In a little home alone,
 With a grief she strives to smother,
 And a heart too proud to moan.

And she sits there, humbly trying,
 To accept the terms of fate,
 While her soul is sadly crying,
 For her husband and helpmate.

Then the door is softly opened wide,
And a voice she loved of yore,
Calls gently—"Darling come, abide,
Where parting is no more."

I see an empty sewing-chair,
In a silent little room,
There is no mother waiting there,
And the place is filled with gloom.

Oh children, don't make mother wait,
For the time will surely come,
When you will vainly meditate,
The things you might have done.

WOMAN

God's best most precious gift to man was woman,
And veneration is but her just due;
The mother of our race—we call it human,
So we should half forgive what she may do.

He who would strangle out her God-given life,
Just to obey a mandate of man's law,
Be He her judge, or one who pulls the rope,
Is only fit to dwell in hell's vile maw.

It is beyond belief, that such a creature;
Could ever walk with upraised head again,
The murderer of a mother of his race,
Done in a colder mood than that of Cain.

Woman deserves more kindness, love and charity;
Than erring man—her offspring e'er can give,
And he who breathes one word in her disparity,
Is neither fit to die—Nor fit to live.

NOTE.—The above lines were written on reading of the execution of a woman by hanging, whose sentence the Governor of a State, refused to commute to life imprisonment.—*Ben. Keith.*

A SUMMER-DAY DREAM

Sometimes when the weather is close and hot,
 And my collar wilts—a soft wet thing,
 Day-dreams return to the lurid spot,
 And with them, the sea shore, and mountain bring.

And I 'list to the lapsing waves again,
 And inhale the resinous breath of the pine,
 While the perspiration like summer rain,
 Trickles and courses 'adown my spine.

Oh cool sweet days of by-gone years,
 You come to sooth my weary brain,
 And I welcome you, my old-time dears,
 As I tread with you, loved paths again.

I hear the rolling surf on the beach,
 The snow white sands of ROCKAWAY Bar.
 And spreading my arms to swim—I reach,
 The nose of a man, in a SUBWAY car.

THE HUMAN TIDE

I watch the crowds as they hurry away,
 Down the city's busy street
 And I ask, in a hundred years from to-day,
 What of those restless feet?
 Each in some silent grave will lie,
 And another throng will be passing by,
 And they again; in turn will die,
 And reach the same retreat.

Just like the waves of a restless sea,
 Are men on the shore of eternity,
 A moment they pause, then swiftly recede,
 And the following wave-crest takes the lead.
 So every moment life's passing show,
 In the crowded streets as they hurry away,
 Like the tide's of an ocean ebb and flow,
 And a hundred years is a day.

I DREAM OF THEE

I dream of thee when slumber sweet,
Has drawn a curtain o'er the world;
Of troubles waking hours must meet,
I live for thee—for thee alone.

And all of sorrow, pain or care,
That Fate may to my life decree,
Lighter by far shall be to bear,
Remembering love and thee.

THE BALCONY OF DOLCE FAR NIENTE

High up on Sutro Heights I love to sit,
And dream of scenes and countries far away,
While desert caravans in fancy flit,
Mirage like, near the Golden Gate to-day.

Here far removed from San Francisco's din,
I love to listen to the surf's sweet song;
To me 'tis Nature's best, and grandest hymn,
That voices to the mind of man no wrong.

Southward five miles of gently sloping beach,
Where lines of white crest wavelets ever play,
And westward o'er Earth's broadest ocean reach,
The vast Pacific, stretches leagues away.

Dim in the distance mystic outlines rise,
Of rock-bound island shores—The Farallones,
Last landmark of the West, ere Orient skies,
Are seen o'er Moorish arch or Moslem domes.

Oblivious for an hour to every care,
The past time and the present all content me,
While here God's loveliest spot on earth I share,
This Balcony of Dolce Far Niente.

NOTE.—The Balcony of Dolce Far Niente, is located in Sutro Park, San Francisco, overlooking miles of ocean beach. Dolce Far Niente is a Spanish phrase, meaning, "A sweet resting place."—B. K.

SAUSALITO

California

From Russian Hill across the bay,
Through summer evening's dusky gray,
I see a field of lights that lie,
Like some grand star group of the sky.
Far up the Marin hills they glow,
Home lights from many a bungalow.

I've stood where Hudson's lordly tide,
Past palaces in grandeur glide;
And watched the summer moonlights track,
Along the lovely Merrimac;
And many a happy day did share,
The beauties of the Delaware.

Viewed mighty Mississippi's flow,
And Colorado's sunset glow;
But for a place of joy and rest,
I love the Marin hills the best.
For of all places east or west
This is God's chosen spot and best.

UNBEKNEWEST TO ME

I like a feller at spits out his mind,
Or a bloak that'll jump on my neck in a minit,
Not one o' them curs that'll cum up behind,
An set a trap, fer me tu fall in it.
I like a feller open an free,
That don't do a thing, unbeknewest tu me.

I don't like a chap at puts words in my mouth,
En tells me story's—askin what I think,
En then twists my anser, north, east an south,
Jest tu kick up mongst friends a stink.
I like a feller open an free,
Thet don't do nothin—unbeknowst tu me.

Ide ruther be cussed up hill an down,
 An Ide ruther even be punched in the eyes,
 En tu nave some feller hangin round;
 Unbeknowst tu me tellin his lies.
 He haint no good, thets my idee
 A feller thet lies unbeknowst tu me.

Some chaps el ast you tu have a drink,
 En while you pore lickier outen a bottle,
 El give the crowd a sidewise wink,
 Wal a critter like him Ide like tu throttle.
 En peraps he'll tell how him an me,
 Went off together on a terrible spree,
 An he kep sober, unbeknowst tu me.

THY SMILES ARE DEAD

In vain I hope—in vain I dream,
 Into my life there comes no gleam,
 Memory again old paths may tread,
 But sad are all—thy smiles are dead.

Oh! words that charmed my listening ear,
 That crushed my heart, and made life drear,
 I hear again those words resaid,
 But sad are all—thy smiles are dead.

All hope of Heaven for me has gone,
 My saddest thought was once sweet song,
 All light and joy from life has fled,
 And sad is all—thy smiles are dead.

Oh sleepless nights—Oh, weary brain,
 No rest for thee can life reclaim,
 I sometimes pray, that thought may rest,
 With thy dead smiles of all loved best.

PEARLS OF MEMORY

Far up among the mountain pines,
 In fancy I sometimes stray,
 And I hear again the song of the wind's,
 That I heard in my childhood day.

And I smell the balsamic odor again,
 As of old, like an incense sweet,
 Though I am thousands of miles away,
 In a city's busy street.

And I ofttimes sail on some placid lake,
 Where the gentle splash of oars,
 In bygone years did music wake,
 Along the flower-girt shores.

And these old time scenes, dispel all gloom,
 As in dreams they return to-day,
 As I sit alone in my little room,
 Many thousands of miles away.

YESTERDAY

The fairy land of yesterday where sleeping Fancy lives,
 Has not forever passed away, for pleasure still it gives,
 We know exactly what 'twas worth, and memory holds a claim,
 On pleasure, if she brings it forth to soothe some future pain.

The past is like a precious book, and in it we may read,
 A lesson if we only look, to help each present need.
 So don't mourn over yesterday, because it won't come back,
 But cast its follies all away, and keep each little fact.
 Though ten years old, some yesterday oft makes to-day more
 bright,
 You see it has not passed away, it's only out of sight.

A CLOSING WORD

To My Wife

This little book if good or bad,
Has been the author's life-long fad,
And now as an accomplished fact,
There's much I see its pages lack,
Still, as I gave my heart to you,
I now submit this volume too,
With an assurance you'll forbear,
To chide for what is wanting there.

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